MAYFAIR

Vol. 21 No.11

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A WINNER TAKES ALL OFF

A T.V. Hostess strips

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SECRETS OF THE
SEX-MAD KING

HEAVENLY BODY:
IT'S STARBIRD MIREILLE

THE DAY THE WORLD'S
GREATEST STUNTMAN
DIED

Mayfair - Volume 21 No. 11, 1987

MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

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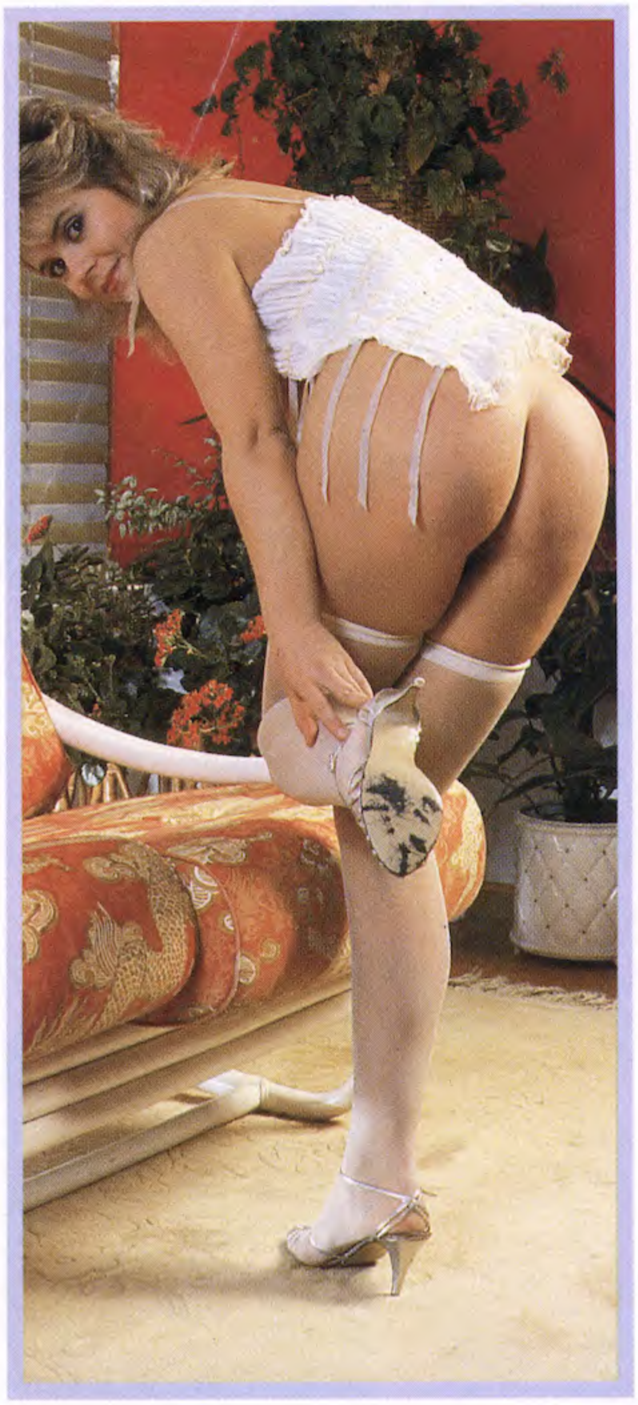
Mireille

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

When 21-year-old Mireille Harper left Brussels to come to Britain 14 years ago, she had no idea how successful she would be in the beauty world. At 16, she was finishing in the top three of all the beauty contests near her home in Newbury, and soon after she started appearing as a *Starbird*. Now her 35-24-35 figure earns her a living as a top model, though she still works part-time. Her other role is that of bi-lingual secretary for a Reading transport firm — a job her Belgian British background makes her well qualified for.



Her Felicity Kendal-like looks have landed her all sorts of work — she's recently posed for a book about the sculptures of the late Henry Moore. Her ambition is to do more work in advertising and television. To keep in trim, she likes aerobics, and has just taken up windsurfing. She's also hoping to try her hand at water ski-ing.

However, she's no disco fan. 'I don't like night clubs,' she says, 'I'd much rather curl up in front of the television. I love soap operas. I'd rather have Dirty Den than a disco anyday.' Needless to say, she'd like to appear in a TV soap herself.

Mireille is a little accident prone however. 'I lost my bra in the Kings Road once,' she recalls, 'and haven't worn one since.' However that wasn't as painful as one trip to Greece. 'I was sunbathing in just a small thong,' she said. The result? Burnt bum cheeks.

HAYLEY

Style. Everyone would like to possess it. Few ever attain it. But 20-year-old Hayley Roberts has, and is determined to show it off. Her 34-23-34 figure is as stylish as any man could wish, and her avowed aim is to 'bring a little class into nude modelling.' Her personal tastes reflect this. No jeans, low tops or thick make-up, that's her strict code. Nor will you find her in pubs or night clubs unless her promotion work calls for it.

Instead, Hayley likes to lounge around her home in Acocks Green, a suburb of Birmingham. For company she has her cat, Gemma, and for exercise, she is taking up swimming in a nearby leisure centre. Her holidays have a similar panache. Three times a year she goes to Paris or the South of France where ladies with elegance like Hayley's are a lot more common than in the second city. However, the ex-Hall Green Senior pupil does have one great fault. 'I'm terrible in the morning,' she says. 'I generally don't get up until noon when I feel a bit more sociable.'

As well as avoiding her in the morning, there's one other piece of advice for any men thinking of making Hayley the bit of class in their lives. Don't try impressing her with your range of jokes. 'I think they're boring,' she maintains. 'I like men who are naturally funny.' Her favourite is Jerry Lewis. However, you don't need to be a bronzed Adonis. She describes the men she likes as 'the chubby, uglier types'. But only, of course, if the man in question has that unmistakeable touch of class.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

'Writing, travel, modelling, men. That's my life!'

DAVINA

'I'm locking myself away to write my novel'

To be a successful writer said authoress Virginia Woolf, one needs a room of your own — and that's exactly where you are most likely to find 21-year-old Davina Hill. Davina likes nothing more than locking herself away in her small bedsit in Eastbourne, looking out over the sea, and contemplating her first great novel.

'Writing is how I fantasise about men . . .'

Davina has already had some of her short stories published in women's magazines, and is now working hard on what she hopes will be her first best seller. 'I'm the heroine, of course,' she says with a smile, 'and yes, there is a lot of romance. In fact, it's pretty hot in places.' Davina blushes as she talks, but continues even more frankly. 'I suppose if I'm honest, writing is my way of fantasising about men. The hero is always somebody that I would fancy, and the love scenes are always full of the kind of attention I like.' Pressure on her to be more specific just results in her blushing an even deeper shade of red. However, she did add that there is always a lot of nibbling of the neck.

Davina's literary aspirations have only recently come to fruition. When she left her public school, three years ago, it was with the intention of travelling the world. Thanks to her 34-23-33 figure, this wish came true, as she was offered modelling work all over Europe. That in turn gave her the money to travel further afield. 'I love being photographed, clothed or not. I just adore all the attention,' she said, her eyes lighting up with excitement. 'I should really have been on the stage, I'm such a ham, but if you saw my acting, you'd cringe . . .'

‘I model because I adore lots of attention . . .’

‘I love men, in the plural. I can’t imagine only one’

As well as her quiet room on the south coast, Davina also spends a lot of time in London, staying with her parents. 'It gives me the chance to sample the high life before my self-imposed hermitude,' she claims. 'Otherwise I'd never get the inspiration for my stories.' And has she met the hero she so frequently writes about? 'He's a combination of lots of men I know, but sadly no-one has all his assets — otherwise I'd have married him!' She lets out a laugh that tells you marriage is not a serious proposition. 'I love men, in the plural, I can't seriously imagine that there is really only one for me. I'm not that naive otherwise I'd be buying romantic novels not sitting writing them.'

Girl of the month

DAVINA
HILL

MAYFAIR

Girl of the month

DAVINA HILL

MAYFAIR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN GRAHAM

CORAL

DEAD OR ALIVE

When 19-year-old Coral Burton first walked into our offices it was as a photographer's assistant. But we soon spotted the potential in her sexy looks and voluptuous 36DD-24-36 figure, and asked her to stand in front of the camera for a change. We think you'll appreciate the results. But Coral, who lives in Chigwell, Essex, prefers her usual work which includes helping pick the models, doing their make-up and arranging shoots. 'Modelling is hard work, all that waiting around and getting back-ache from shoving your bum in the air. I'd much rather take people out for lunch on expenses.'

Coral once won a wet T-shirt contest at the Epping Forest Country Club. 'I wasn't going to enter but I had an argument with my boyfriend about it. So I told him I was going to the loo, and then turned up on the stage. He was a little bit annoyed. I was wearing a T-shirt with the club's name on it, and all you could see was 'ping'. I was surprised to win.' Another of Coral's watery accomplishments is water-skiing at Luxbrough Lake, near her home, where she can perform on one ski.

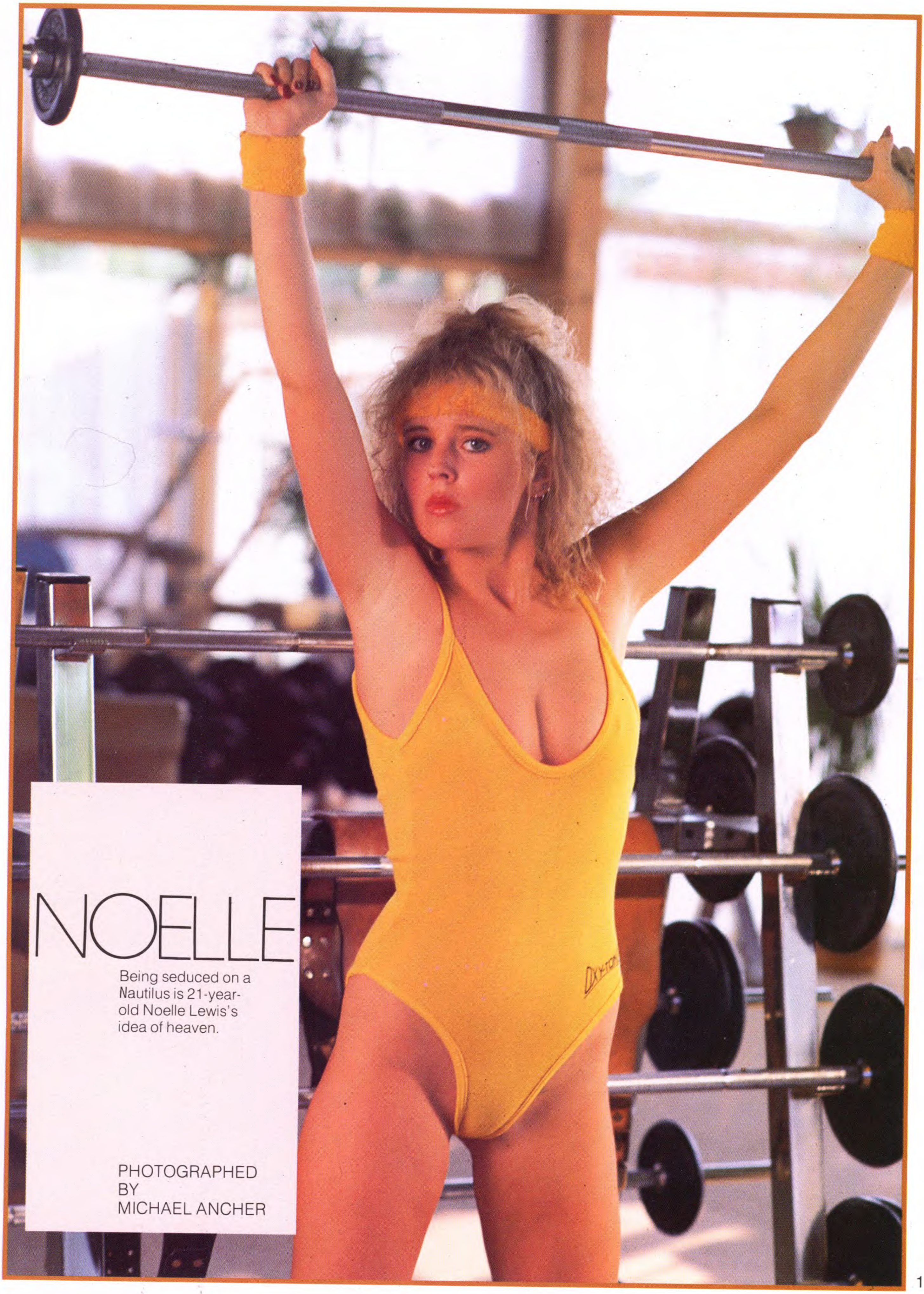
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY DONALD MILNE

From Page Three to TV: SUE LEE hostess on WINNER TAKES ALL

Sue Lee (left) with Jimmy Tarbuck and Kerry Gallagher, the show's other hostess.

Page Three girls are turning to TV more and more these days, and one who is making a great success of it is 25-year-old Sue Lee. Nottingham-born Sue's 36-25-36 figure has turned up on *The Two Ronnies*, a Freddie Starr Christmas special and several commercials. But her biggest TV role so far has been that of hostess to Jimmy Tarbuck in the top-rated game show, *Winner Takes All*, (see previous page).

Never has Sue's TR7 covered so many miles taking her from job to job, although, it stayed in the garage for her film debut. She has a plum role in the new Hollywood blockbuster, *If Tomorrow Comes*. Mind you, tomorrow may not have come if another of her recent assignments had gone wrong. In West Germany, she was a magician's assistant, being sawn in half every night!



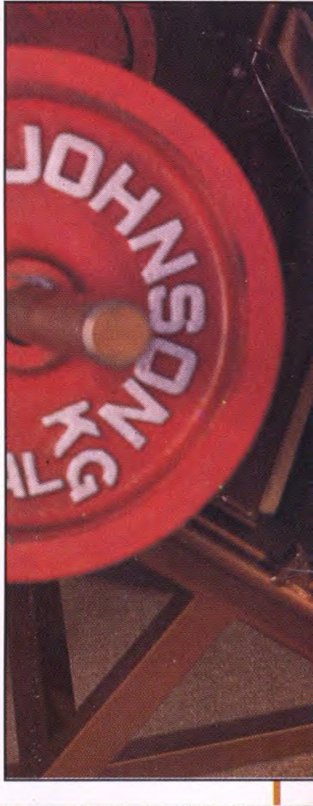
NOELLE

Being seduced on a Nautilus is 21-year-old Noelle Lewis's idea of heaven.

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

Either that, or tucking into a giant chip butty with two-inch doorsteps! Both, concedes this Lancaster-born lass, are fairly unlikely: the butty, because she's keen on keeping her 34-24-34 inches exactly as they are. And the seduction, because she works out at 'ladies only' sessions at her Manchester gym. 'I just couldn't do a pelvic thrust with men about!' she jokes.

A boyfriend at the university in her home town turned Noelle on to body building. 'They have marvellous facilities at a sports complex there,' she says. 'Unfortunately my boyfriend seemed to prefer admiring his own physique to mine, and I hate competition!' Now a Manchester-based PA, and a wizard at Word-Star, competition is the least of young Noelle's problems.



JOHNSON
KG

This month *Mayfair* has well and truly joined the computer age and offers you the chance to do the same. Firstly there are our new logos for this page and the letters pages (starting on page 10). These were designed by Andy Martin with the aid of an Apple Mackintosh computer which did the actual drawing. It was then put onto acetate film, and coloured by Andy, rather than the Mac. Andy believes that he is one of the only designers in the country using this process. Also new in this issue is our offer of your very own personal computerised directory. Called the PD 2000, the directory is not much bigger than a credit card, yet can store up to 2,000 characters. It's ideal for jotting down names, addresses and phone numbers which are so often scrawled on scraps of paper and lost, or prove indecipherable later. What's more the PD 2000 has a coding facility so that only you have access to the information it contains. What better way of keeping details of your meetings and girlfriends' phone numbers away from prying eyes? In fact, we're told that the model in the office has all our editor's 'personal contacts' inside. If only we could crack the code! Sadly we don't supply a list of numbers to go in the machine, you have to do that yourself (what do you expect for £24.95 plus postage and packing?). But we do recommend it. For details of how to obtain one, see page 112.

Incidentally, as we launch the PD 2000, the commercial computer is coming up for its 35th anniversary. We were amused to see that one of the earliest Univac computers which stored information on tape completely filled a large office. Like the PD 2000, it was able to do instantaneous calculations and retain data. Unfortunately that entire roomful of equipment had only two-thirds the memory of our new little gizmo. And it cost a lot more than £25! A case of smaller being better — something we're always trying to impress upon the girls!

On page 101 we welcome *Page Three* girl turned TV performer Sue Lee to our pages. Sue has appeared on a wide range of television shows including *The Two Ronnies*, and a Freddie Starr special, but she was seen most regularly as one of the two hostesses on ITV's *Winner Takes All*. She co-starred with comic Jimmy Tarbuck who started the show with the usual wisecracks about her fabulous figure. I hope he is amongst the readers who get to see it in its entirety in the set by photographer Donald Milne. Sue is just one of a long line of *Mayfair* models who have gone on to be game show hostesses. For example Penny Irving (who appears in our latest *Best of Mayfair No 6*) not only graced the Fenn Street classroom, but was a hostess on *Mr and Mrs*. Nikki Critcher from Vol 19 No 1 was the 'babysitter' on *Whose Baby?* And Jeannie Collings who can be found in *Best of Mayfair No 3* appeared in *The Golden Shot*. Which is the hostess with the mostest? Judge for yourself.

Talking of quiz games, we were amused by this story of one radio game show host. He posed the question 'Who played Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit?*' The reply was a baffled silence. Then the listener asked if he'd give her a clue. The DJ put on his best John Wayne drawl and said, 'The hell I will . . .' 'That's not fair,' she replied, 'you gave the others a clue.'

Christmas is fast approaching, and whilst you might find the prospect of all those drunken relatives and over-excited children daunting, it does bring one piece of cheer. We mean, of course, the bumper *Mayfair* Christmas issue. This year we can promise 204 pages packed with gorgeous girls, fascinating features, exciting stories and hilarious humour. And all for just £1.75 (the same price as last year!). So while the children are decapitating Rainbow Brite, and granny downs another gin, sit quietly in the corner and enjoy our unique brand of festive fun. It's on sale from Wednesday November 12, but be quick. It's our best selling issue, so if you want to be sure of yours, get to the newsagents early.

SIX OF OUR VERY BEST

Best of Mayfair No 6, the latest of our top selling collectors' issues, is now on sale. For just £1.95 enjoy 196 pages packed with our finest features, fiction and humour — plus 16 of our most beautiful girls including Ursula Andress, Sophia Loren's double, *Please Sir's* Penny Irving, Jane Warner and Joanne Latham. Don't miss it!

The Best is yet to come . . .

The Best of MAYFAIR
Best of MAYFAIR
The Best of MAYFAIR
SAMANTHA FOX

And don't forget that *Best of Mayfair Nos 3, 4* and *5* are still available!

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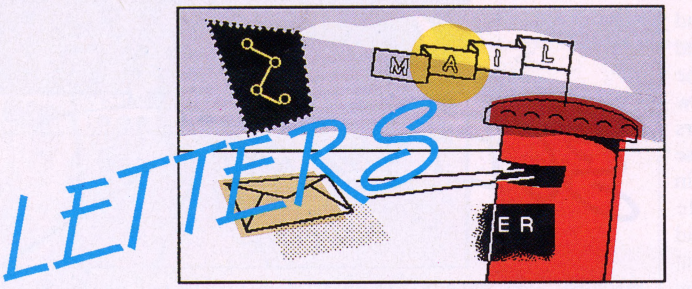

As a reader of *Mayfair* for the last four years, I must congratulate you on your 'new look'. I agree with Anthony Nettle's letter in Vol 21 No 9, the photo of Andrea Louise on page 94 of Vol 21 No 8 is an excellent glamour picture. The set of Gail Thackray in the same issue was also superb.

However the pictures that took my breath away were those of Christina Harte in Vol 21 No 9. We know Christina well here in Shipley, her home town, and I shall keep a look-out for her to thank her personally for her *Mayfair* set. Ed Alexander is to be congratulated too for his photography, especially the shot on page 83. As a serious amateur photographer I wish I'd taken it. Please feature our Christina again. Keep up the good work — especially the improvements that make the best men's magazine even better.

Ian Pawson, Shipley, W Yorks

Your magazine frequently relates stories of great bravery: pilots who shot down hundreds of enemy planes, great sea rescues etc. But in my view these men pale into insignificance compared to Terence Hanson, the writer of your *SSSSnakes in the Grass* feature in Vol 21 No 9. To have encountered so many of these reptiles and lived to tell the tale is a fantastic feat. I have to be honest, those things scare seven shades of . . . . excrement out of me. I only have to see a picture of one (like your superb illustration) and I run to the toilet. If I saw a live one in the wild, I'd . . . well, I'd lose weight pretty damn quickly. At the risk of sounding masochistic, let's have more features about 'real heroes' like Hanson. Now, he does deserve the VC!

PW, Surrey

I could not resist writing to comment on Catherine Gregson's fascinating photo set in Vol 21 No 6. Until I saw this enchanting lady posed as she was, I never fully appreciated the potential of semi-nude photography featuring the clothing of ages past.

For all of the straighlaced image maintained by the Victorians, that age had plenty of eroticism if only one knew where to look. For example the classic Victorian porno magazine *The Pearl* is ribald and explicit even compared to present day erotic literature. It was certainly refreshing to see Catherine's artful reconstruction of the hidden splendour of that lost age.

Perhaps the most captivating aspect is the contrast between her being fully-clad in all that Victorian finery, which leaves far more to the imagination than present-day tight jeans and T-shirt, and being steadily stripped to stockings, lacy gloves and necklaces in order to produce the opposite effect.

I would love to see future *Mayfair* maids delving into the mists of time to give us other recreations of ladies' past glories.

Amongst others whom I would like to nominate for photo sessions baring their all beneath Victorian clothes are my personal all-time favourite *Mayfair* model Zoe Lee, the magnificent beauty Marina L, barmaid Nina J, that most admirable of blue-eyed blondes Sian Adey Jones, and either or both of the shapely duo who have appeared in *Mayfair's* recent lingerie and swimwear ads.

AP, Auckland, New Zealand

So Melissa Wray has moved to Hastings and is looking for a man. Well, may I say that I have lived in that town now for ten years, and I've found plenty! In fact, I would nominate it as one of the sexiest seaside resorts in Britain. Not only are the locals pretty dishy, but every year in summer the town fills up with foreign students, some of whom have decidedly unreserved European ways!

My first boyfriend was a Hastings man who used to own one of the flats in Marine Court. It was a beautiful place, right on the front, and we would go out on the balcony and look out at the moonlit sea. It was very romantic, and being my first boyfriend that was very important to me. I never had sex with Brian (name changed) but we would sit outside on warm evenings, and he would hold me, pulling me onto his lap. Then with the sea breeze blowing around us, he would start to undo my blouse, kissing first my lips and then moving down my neck. I used to wear a front fastening bra in those days, so it was an easy job for him to unclip it, and then kiss my boobs. The cool air and his touch soon had my nipples as stiff as can be, and the feeling of his warm breath on my breasts is something that will stay with me for ever.

Sometimes he would start at the other end, just lifting up my skirt, and kissing my bare legs. I used to let him inside my knickers but I didn't allow him to kiss my fanny — though he got pretty close! Brian was a very considerate man, and an ideal first lover. He never made demands on me though I'm sure he found my teenage qualms frustrating.

Later I was more adventurous and again Hastings provided the venue and the man. His name was Pepe, (name changed) a Spanish student in town for the season. He was slim, dark and very excitable — just what I wanted at the time. There was never a dull moment with Pepe. His way of saying hello was to hug me, then squeeze my breasts hard. It took my breath away, especially when he kissed me at the same time. By then (I was nearly twenty) my figure had filled out from my teenage days, and I was (and am now) a well-rounded 36-25-35. I used to have my blonde hair long, and as the fashion was for tight clothing at that time,

I can see why he used to get so excited at my appearance.

He was the first man I had sex with, as a matter of fact, and it happened in the most exciting way. We'd come out of one of the hotel bars on the front, and I was in my best tight white gear (blouse and jeans). We decided to go for a walk along the beach. We made our way arm in arm to the water's edge, and started kissing passionately. Our tongues were wrestling away, and we were getting so bound up in what we were doing we didn't notice the water coming towards us. Suddenly a particularly strong wave sent cold sea water lapping over our feet. I gave out a scream. I was only wearing open-toed sandals. But Pepe just laughed. I was a bit annoyed at this, and pushed him over onto the pebbles. He was still laughing, and pulled me down on top of him. My temper vanished as I felt his strong

turn to page 12

'And now we come to the little problem of your inside leg measurement . . .'

LETTERS

continued from page 10

arms around me and his breath on my neck. His hands moved down to my bottom encased in the tight white jeans and he began to squeeze my buttocks. I started to rub my hands over his chest, undoing his shirt and kissing him all over.

But the tide was still coming in. The waves were beginning to lap around our feet, and occasionally splash us all over. But now we didn't care. The water didn't even feel cold. By the time Pepe began to undo my jeans they were quite damp and difficult to pull down, however after some wrestling, we managed. I unzipped him (to his surprise — I'd never touched his bare thing before), and held it in my hands. It felt burning hot in the cool night air, and without further thought, I moved down and slipped it between my lips. He was shocked, as my tongue worked away on it. It was my first time but I'd imagined it so often, I knew what to do automatically. His breath was shortening, and I had got pretty worked up after his hand roamed over my bottom, bare except for wet panties. He had also undone my blouse and bra by that time. I moved back up to allow his hands to meander everywhere. Then I whispered into his ear, 'I want you inside me.' His expression said, 'Are you sure?' My reply was a smile. Again I'd given it a lot of thought, and was now on the pill. I knew it would not be a permanent relationship, but I wanted something free and easy, and he was fantastically good looking.

So together we held his cock as he pulled my panties down with my other hand. Then we guided it in to me. It was fabulous. Suddenly I was boiling hot despite the sea breeze and liberal splashing of sea water. My cries as he filled me were lost in the wind, and as he rolled on top of me (pushing me further into the sea, by the way) I knew I'd made the right decision. With the water lapping around me, and a hot Spanish lover on top of me, it was the romantic first fuck I'd dreamed about. Even the first twinges of pain disappeared in this idyllic way.

I came very quickly with Pepe's expert motions, and he followed soon after. For a while we lay in each other's arms until we realised it was quite chilly and we were both soaked. Pulling my sodden jeans on proved almost impossible, especially as my mind was whirling so much that I couldn't concentrate and didn't want to. We went back to his digs for a hot drink, and then (thanks to his strict landlady) I went home. She didn't see my wet clothing or blissful expression — otherwise I'm sure Pepe would have been thrown out. In fact, Hastings being the quiet place it is (and because of its undulating beach) we're pretty sure nobody spotted us (except perhaps the lighthouse keeper at Beachy Head!). With memories like that, and now a dishy husband who has lived in the area all his life, let me welcome Melissa to a truly sexy town.

Sandra, Hastings

'Don't be silly, love. You can't keep that up for long.'

LETTERS

continued from page 12

belch sent me searching for my trousers. I did take her home for another messy kiss and grope of her breasts. She said she would be mine for ever. Fortunately alcohol makes the memory short, and the next day, all we shared was embarrassment.

I'm sorry that's not the greatest sex episode of all time, but it's true. However things have improved. I hope they have for Sharon.

B B, Sheffield

This is what I think should have happened to Sarah Whittle the schoolgirl in Vol 21 No 8, because it happened to me. I went to a girls private boarding school and I too modelled like Sarah has. The headmistress found out, and because I was very bright, the school didn't want to expel me and lose a lot of fees. So I was caned instead — 12 strokes. A year later I did some more modelling for holiday money. Again the head found out, and for the first time in living memory at the school a teenage girl was up for another caning. At that age we wore our own clothes, and whilst the younger ones removed their school skirts and bent over in school pants for their canings, I was wearing a calf-length dress and tights when I was suddenly sent for. I was told to undress to bra and briefs. If I had known in advance I would have worn fuller briefs under my tights. When I bent over the cane came down on my exposed buttocks 12 times, and each stroke really stung into my flesh. I shall never forget that caning although it was now well over a year ago, I felt it for several days.

Miss H L, St Leonards on Sea

If you're still interested in modelling send us some pictures or give us a call. Now you're no longer at school you can only get top marks, not bottom marks.

When I got your magazine I was feeling pretty depressed but I lost that sinking feeling as soon as I saw Carrie (Vol 21 No 9). She is my number one girl. Tell Steve Kingston if I could draw like that I'd be a rich man — rich enough to afford one of your £40 watches!

GWM, Milton Keynes

They're £39.95, actually, but if they are a little beyond your means how about our new range of fashion watches on page 110.

'And who should I say is about to commit adultery, sir?'

I was intrigued by the letter from the woman on the farm in Wales who described in Vol 21 No 8 how she seduced the boy who turned up to shear their sheep. I had a similar experience as a teenager — not on a farm, but being seduced by a lonely housewife much older than myself.

I grew up in a small town where I knew most people by sight, specially the women. Like most 18-year-old guys, me and my friends were all obsessed with sex, talking about virtually nothing else when we sat around the local pub every evening. We all had the usual young male fantasies about being initiated into the delights of sex by an older woman. But although I was not a virgin, if you count the occassional quick and not entirely successful bonk in the bushes after a local dance, I was still fairly innocent, and did not believe anything like that really happened — until I put an ad in the local newsagent's window.

It was the summer before I was due to go up to university, and I knew I was going to need all the cash I could get my hands on, so I put the ad in offering my services for gardening, decorating or any odd jobs, saying I was willing to tackle anything.

After a couple of fairly routine and tedious weeks building walls and digging back gardens, I got a call from a woman who had been the subject of many of my wildest night-time fantasies ever since she moved to the area the previous spring. She seemed much older than me at the time, but looking back must have been in her late thirties. I'd never actually spoken to her, but she had often been the subject of conversation in the local when the talk got round to the usual topic of older women. She wanted me to go round to see about some decorating. And needless to say I shot round, my head full of wild fantasies.

She was married, but they had no kids, and her husband was often out of the country on business, according to local gossip I'd picked up.

When I arrived she was sitting in the garden in a skimpy bikini top and a pair of cut off denim shorts, brief enough and tight enough to double my pulse rate and make it difficult to concentrate on what she was saying.

When I gathered my wits about me, it transpired she wanted me to redecorate the bedroom as a surprise for her husband who was away for a fortnight. I readily agreed to start the next day and went home thinking about Jane (name changed) in those shorts, and the stories I'd have to tell the lads in the pub about seeing her bedroom.

When I turned up to start work the next morning, Jane was still in her bathrobe having breakfast. She offered me a cup of coffee and I sat down for a chat. The robe was quite short, revealing an exciting portion of tanned thigh. It also had a disconcerting tendency to fall slightly open to show a delightfully large amount of cleavage before Jane absently pulled it closed again.

As I followed her up the stairs to the bedroom I couldn't take my eyes off those legs. Although not tall, Jane had very shapely legs and a very trim figure — firm little bottom and medium-sized boobs which were pert enough not to need supporting by a bra. Really she didn't look anywhere near her age, and had the figure of a young girl. I started preparing the bedroom for decoration while Jane grabbed some clothes and went off for a shower. Ten minutes later she came out with her long blonde hair still dripping wet, wearing a short summer dress with a zip up the back. She was holding the dress up at the front, and turned around asking me to zip her up as she didn't want to risk breaking a nail. With trembling hands I did so, noticing the smooth skin of her back and the beginnings of a pair of pale blue pants just below the bottom of the zip.

Not long after Jane went out for lunch with some friends, leaving me to get on with the painting. My mind was only half on my job as the other half couldn't help going over the same ground again and again — what would have happened if I'd kissed her shoulder, or even gently lowered the dress to the ground. I got so hot that I stripped off my overalls and shirt and carried on in just a pair of jeans.

Jane came home in the late afternoon, and she was obviously merry — not drunk but in a very good mood and a bit giggly. She came up to the bedroom and walked over to me, standing so

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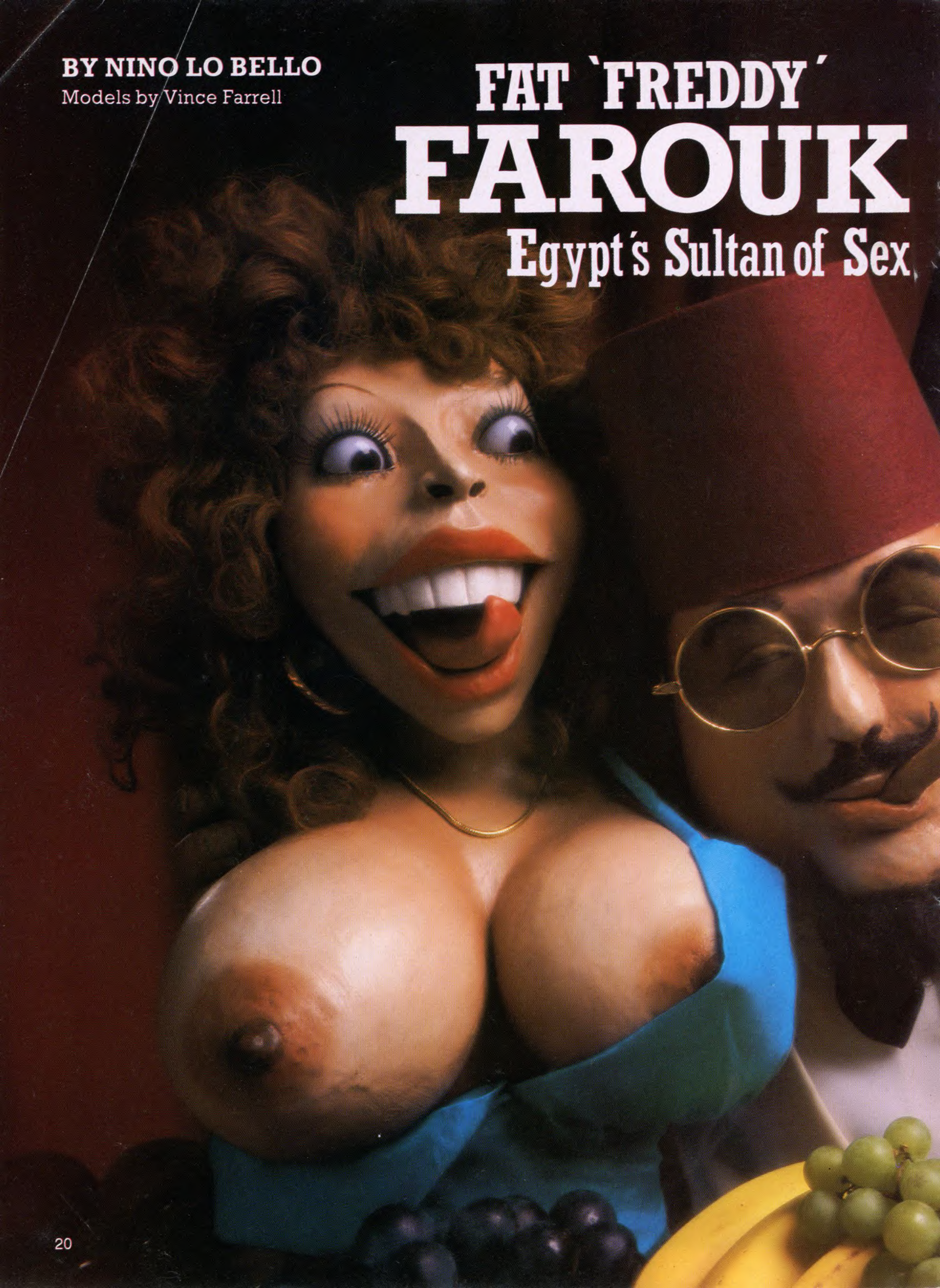
BY NINO LO BELLO

Models by Vince Farrell

FAT 'FREDDY' FAROUK

Egypt's Sultan of Sex



An eastern potentate who was educated by an English governess, a gambler who lost over £1 million a year yet quibbled over a 25p casino entrance ticket, a relentless seducer whose collection of pornography occupied miles of his royal palace, King Farouk of Egypt was the 20th century's most dedicated hedonist, downing banquets for breakfast and bedding beauties by the score

The situation had the makings of a Puccini opera. All of Italy was rooted to the television set to view Miss Tuscany of 1954 as she competed on Italy's $64,000 Question quiz show. The girl, 19-year-old Marisa Zocchi, a neatly proportioned brunette expert on the history of motorcycle racing, was explaining in a cascade of tears why she had decided against tackling the final question which carried the top price of $8,000.

Marisa sobbed that she could not risk losing the $4,000 she had already won because she needed this sum to bring her mother home from hospital and hire a nurse to look after her while Marisa went out to work. So touching was the scene that quizmaster Mike Bongiorno himself let loose a histrionic gulp. Watching the show that evening in his villa in Rome, Farouk Fuad I, the 21-stone ex-king of Egypt, must also have gulped once or twice himself, for he sent Miss Zocchi a telegram stating that he had been so moved by her plight that he was forwarding the sum she might have won, a cheque for $4,000 — with no ulterior motive.

It was probably the first time King Farouk ever gave any girl such a large sum of money with no ulterior motive — for the exiled Egyptian monarch, whom most Europeans considered an unmitigated rapscallion, revelled in his reputation of a lecherous sugar-daddy. In his raunchy heyday Farouk went in hot pursuit of more women than could be tabulated on a Chinese abacus.

Born in February 1920, Farouk was the only son

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LETTERS

continued from page 114

close that I could feel her sweet breath on me. It smelled of wine. What happened next was like something out of a novel, but it actually happened, and I will always remember every detail if I live to be ninety.

She put her hand on my shoulder, running the tips of her painted fingers down my arm. I can still feel that first touch as if it were yesterday and not ten years ago. Just the feel of her fingers made me tremble. Jane smiled and asked where I got my muscles. I told her I worked out at the gym twice a week, and she told me she liked a man who looked after his body.

Then she asked me if I liked her body because she'd noticed I couldn't keep my eyes off it that morning and the day before. I blushed red as a beet, but she laughed and told me not to be embarrassed. Then she ran one finger down my chest and onto my stomach, very very slowly. I got an immediate hard-on which caused me even more embarrassment as she'd obviously noticed. But she just laughed again and reached for my zip.

As she undid my jeans and pulled them down I was nervous as hell. After all, I'd never had it off in a bedroom even, let alone with an experienced woman. But she calmed my fears, speaking to me soothingly and sexily as she knelt down and gently took me in her mouth. I couldn't believe it was really happening as she began to move her red lips up and down my shaft. Of course I couldn't hold out for long, and before I knew what was happening I was exploding in her mouth as she greedily sucked me harder.

Afterwards I was still so surprised I just sort of stood there helplessly until Jane told me to take my trousers right off and lie on the bed. Of course I obeyed her, although I kept wanting to pinch myself to see it I was really awake. I lay there as she slipped out of her dress and tiny little pants and came over to me. By then I was rock hard again, and without saying anything Jane straddled me, lowered herself onto my cock and began to ride me slowly. As her excitement increased, so did her speed until she was riding me hard and fast, moaning and clawing at my chest. I managed to hold out longer that time, and we both climaxed at the same time.

That afternoon Jane taught me how to make love to a woman, initiating me into the delights of oral sex and showing me positions I'd never even dreamt of.

She told me later her husband wasn't interested in her any more, and she knew he had a mistress in France. That was why he spent so much time out of the country. She hadn't intended seducing me, it just sort of happened with the hot afternoon, the wine, and the fact that she was feeling lonely that day.

I became her lover for the whole of that summer, and my mates in the pub never suspected. Of course they quizzed me about her bedroom and everything, but I just fobbed them off with a few comments. I was so miserable when it was eventually time for me to go up to university, but soon got over Jane when I was able to use my new-found confidence and skills on plenty of willing young girls away from home for the first time. When I went home for the Christmas holidays I casually inquired about her, but was told she had left her husband and moved away. I never saw her again, and often wondered what happened to her.

(Name and address withheld)

I've noticed that you have recently started printing amusing examples of office notices. This one has been in our foreman's room for some time, but I think it sums up so many jobs very well.

It says, 'Doing a good job is like pissing yourself in a dark suit. It gives you a warm feeling but nobody ever notices.'

CM, London SE4

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

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M/F

FAT 'FREDDY'

FAROUK

Egypt's Sultan of Sex

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of King Fuad I of Egypt and Queen Nazli, monarchs appointed by the British, who had controlled the country since the break-up of the Ottoman Empire toward the end of the nineteenth century.

The young Farouk was brought up by an English governess and educated largely by British tutors, until the age of 15 when he was sent — on a Royal Navy cruiser — to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. He was a popular student, nicknamed 'Prince Freddy' by his friends. Freddy, however, did not stay long. In April 1936, his father died and he returned to Egypt, where he was proclaimed sovereign at the tender age of 18.

But Farouk's 'pukka' upbringing did little to dilute his eastern taste for extreme self-indulgence in food, in sex, and in almost everything else as well. It was only tempered, it seemed, by bouts of stinginess that were equally extreme.

Immediately after the news broke of the monarch's generosity to the Italian quiz show contestant, his sumptuous villa was inundated with over 30,000 mail requests for hand-outs. His social secretary commented in a press conference:

'What do the people think? That he's rich? His Highness, having lost a personal fortune of 200 million dollars because of political exigencies, is obliged to make ends meet on a now-diminishing bank account of modest means.'

Few fell for this doubletalk. For whatever the state of Farouk's finances may have been, it was unlikely that the barrel-shaped bey was down to his last three million. On one hand he would plead poverty and haggle over a hotel bill, and on the other he would blow his money recklessly on gambling and women.

Once, while escorting a high-priced call girl to a hotel suite in Milan, he carelessly left a leather bag, which contained a million pounds in sterling, in the lobby. His gambling deficit annually ran to about £1,330,000. At times he would win and lose as much as 50 million francs in a couple of hours of Baccarat. At Monte Carlo once he casually walked out after dropping £5,000 at roulette in less than a half hour.

'I'm a Professor of Gambling,' the paunchy potentate, who like to play slot machines by the hour, often told interviewers. And well he might have been.

The game he enjoyed most was poker in which he thrived on the big bluff. When he was losing, his pudgy face would take on a blue tinge, and he would stay up all night trying to earn back his losses. But when he was on a winning streak, he would hum happily, tell joke after joke, and quite often would abandon the table as soon as he thought his luck had turned. He was also known to cheat.

Columnist Leonard Lyons had a favourite Farouk poker story. It seemed that after a huge pot had been amassed by some spirited betting one night at the Lido in Venice, Farouk announced that he had four kings. But when he laid his cards down, there were only three.

'What do you mean, four kings?' hissed his opponent, who held a full-house. 'I only see three.'

Narrowing his eyes to slits and drawing one of the two pistols he always carried in shoulder holsters, Farouk countered: 'Look again, friend. There's the King of Spades, there's the King of Hearts, and there's the King of Clubs.'

'Yes, I know — but where's the fourth King?'

'I'm the fourth King,' said Farouk matter-of-factly, and he raked in the pot.

That he succeeded in getting away with this was helped by the constant presence of his two menacing-looking Albanian bodyguards, who packed guns, knives and brass knuckles. Usually Italian policemen were also tailing the trio — in case any trouble brewed.

Generally however, none did, beyond the kind of 'trouble' all Italians wink at — namely the fine art of enticing females into the boudoir. Although women played a key role in his life, the king's opinion of the female of the species was far from liberated.

'The treatment a woman in the East receives is different from that in the West,' he once said. 'We treat her like a master treats a slave. A woman has no more blood in her veins than has a cockroach. Our civilisation, being more ancient than the West's, should suggest that ours certainly is the more proper method of treating these creatures.'

In actuality, many of the women who became involved with the Sultan of Sex reported that he was a nice fellow. In his own way he treated a girl he was interested in quite royally — often spending a fantastic sum of money just to keep her happy.

Once, while still on Egypt's throne, Farouk boarded the biggest of his royal yachts and scoured the Mediterranean coast to see what it had to offer in the way of feminine entertainment. The vessel slept as many as 20 first mates of the female persuasion.

A permanent fixture of Rome's champagne circuit during the '50s and '60s, Farouk and his wolf whistle were as familiar a sound and sight as the Trevi fountain. He was often seen with as many as three different women a night — invariably a blonde, a brunette and a redhead.

'I'm the impartial type,' the king insisted.

Yet no woman could claim his attention for very long. Though his hunger was insatiable, variety was the spice of his life. He once set up a lavish establishment for a belly dancer, who boasted to her cohorts that she would one day be 'the woman who will carry the future crown prince.' She lasted as long as it took Farouk to spot her successor.

Farouk raked up a remarkable number of notable conquests. At one resort he set aside a special room in his hotel suite for a curvaceous Paris cafe singer whom he later ferried to Cairo for an extended nightclub engagement when he became bored with her.

In another chi chi establishment he picked up his old friend, kootch dancer Samia Gamal, who provided him with private command performances of her best number, *Virgin of the Nile*.

However on this occasion it was Samia who turned the tables, and provided Farouk with the brush-off.

Perhaps Farouk's most eye-lifting 'affair' was the one he had with a Neapolitan beauty contest winner by the name of Irma Capece Minutolo, a

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JACKSON
SADIE
INFLATABLE
DOLL

'A brandy and soda and a puff more air for Miss Sadie, if you please, Henchmore.'

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FAT 'FREDDY' FAROUK
Egypt's Sultan of Sex

16-year-old blonde whose 42-inch bust boggled the monarch's mind when she was standing on an Isle of Capri diving board in a bikini. Later she managed to wiggle past the king as he lolled on the beach at Canzone del Mare in a way that left no doubt of her considerable charms.

This former Miss Naples proceeded to exercise an almost hypnotic power over her regal admirer. He launched her in Rome society, throwing party after party in her honour, catered to her slightest whims and lavished attention on her. For months they were seen everywhere together — the owl haunts of Rome, Capri, the canals of Venice, and the slopes of St. Moritz in the winter.

Unlike his hundreds of other conquests, Farouk showered Miss Minutolo with furs and dresses and jewels and money and, of course, Farouk. Finally he persuaded the abundantly endowed teenager to share his luxurious villa with him, an unprecedented occurence for Farouk's companions. For over 18 months Irma kept Farouk's perception fogged as she strutted around in minks, breath-taking Dior gowns and enough diamonds and jewellery to weigh down a Cartier truck.

When the king eventually gave his house guest her *arrivederci* serenade, she bounced out of his life with four limousines, a crate of jewellery and enough flashy clothes to outfit three seasons of the Folies Bergère. As she told me once in an interview: 'For the daughter of a poor taxicab driver, I don't think I did so bad. You can quote me and say that the king is really a nice man.'

Yet in spite of the good reports of his numerous conquests, Farouk was perhaps the most despised celebrity of his time. There were few people in Italy, not to mention the Arab world, who did not consider him a genuine, 24-carat heel. It was ironic then, that he was obsessed with a desire to be liked. In public he always made it a point to be pleasant, and charming, and invariably kept a smile painted below his then-current taste of moustache.

Perhaps one factor that has given the madcap monarch more notoriety than anything else was his hobby. Farouk was a collector. But no ordinary collector. Because of his hobby, a world indifferent to the political ins-and-outs of the Middle East suddenly began to ask questions in 1952 about Egypt's relatively unknown sovereign — the ruler of 20 million subjects, and a man who aspired to be Caliph of Islam, leader of all Arab nations.

No sooner had Farouk abandoned his throne in July 1952, following a military coup which eventually resulted in Col. Gamal Abdul Nasser taking over the reins, than the world was to find out just what kind of pharaoh had been squatting on the royal throne once occupied by Cleopatra and King Tut. When Egyptian officials made Farouk's staggering collection of pornography public, everybody knew who Farouk was.

Farouk had accumulated thousands of nude photos and magic-lantern slides, porno paintings, 400 decks of cards with girlie pix, lewd manuscripts and books, obscene amulets, hundreds of stag movies, off-colour statues, erotic murals, French postcards by the ton, and a variety of other risqué objects. In his own characteristic manner, the king had made a spectacular mockery of his name, 'Farouk,' which means 'One Who Carefully Distinguishes Between Right and Wrong.'

Farouk's private study in Kubbeh Palace in Cairo was described as a pornographer's paradise. Nudes by the hundreds — in paintings on the walls and statues on pedestals — looked down in both conventional and unconventional poses from every nook and cranny of the huge salon. Literally miles of corridors, bedrooms, bathrooms, anterooms, drawing rooms and reception rooms bulged with depictions of the female form. But the biggest attraction of all was Farouk's bedchamber with its mute testimony to the monarch's tastes. On tables next to his Brobdingnagian-sized bed were piles of unassorted Kodachrome slides (all of naked pinups), complete with pocket-viewers. There were also trick photos of fan dancers, who would bump and grind, rubber statues, and figurines, which went into lifelike contortions when an electric switch was thrown. Conveniently located near the bed was a movie projector which could be operated from a reclining position. Farouk's only comment on these astonishing revelations was: 'Come now, what did you expect me to do instead? Engage in bead-stringing or raffia-weaving?'

The king's hobbies extended over to other less headline-grabbing objects. His stamp collection alone was worth over 11 million pounds. He had almost every gold coin ever minted by every important country. His loot included four desk drawers full of solid gold fountain pens, a cupboard full of binoculars, several thousand jewel-encrusted ashtrays, hundreds of drinking glasses shaped like dancing-girls, roulette wheels of solid silver, 414 odd-shaped clocks (all in perfect running order), diamond-studded dice, a complete file of magic tricks from a Michigan mail-order firm. His collection of swords was perhaps one of the finest in the world; it included a magnificent diamond-ladened blade which had formely been the property of the father of the last Shah of Iran.

Despite his questionable taste and collectomania, Farouk regarded himself as a political and spiritual leader of the world's 300 million Moslems. Others took an extremely dim view of this notion. Thus in 1952, after Egypt lost a war with Israel and the waters of discontent lapped closer and closer to the doors of his palace in Cairo, a military junta approached him and asked whether he preferred to depart Egypt with or without his head. On July 26, 1952, King Farouk left Alexandria aboard the royal yacht *Mahroussa* with over 200 trunks and his favourite toothbrush. His destination was the Isle of Capri and a £300-a-day suite at the Eden Paradiso Hotel.

When his yacht reached the Italian mainland, Farouk wept openly. 'I am no longer a rich man,' he told reporters.

Aboard the *Mahroussa* was King Farouk's second wife, Queen Narriman. Having signed a decree in 1948 which divorced him from his first wife, who could only produce female babies, Farouk began to play the field with a vengeance. His tastes ran from belly dancers with commendable mammary developments to top-heavy French bistro chanteuses. One day while in a jewellery shop to buy a gift for yet another one of his passing fancies, he was literally bowled over by the remarkable physique of a 16-year-old girl, Narriman Sadek, who was in

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King Farouk at Biarritz Casino. His passion for gambling cost him up to £25,000 a night.

FAT 'FREDDY'

FAROUK

Egypt's Sultan of Sex

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the store selecting a ring for her forthcoming marriage to a member of Egypt's UN delegation. It meant little to Farouk that Narriman was already 'spoken for'. As of that moment Miss Sadek was selected for Farouk's bedchamber. Her boyfriend, a Harvard-trained diplomat, was eased out of the situation in short shrift by methods known best to strongarm potentates, and the next day Farouk announced he was going to marry the lovely Narriman. In time she bore him the son the monarch wanted.

But son or no son, Farouk kept himself available, as far as other women were concerned. In Italy Farouk became an irreverent voyeur of choice packages in abbreviated swimsuits. These activities did not impress his Queen in exile. In 1953 the Queen decided enough was enough, and divorced him via the Western courts.

With Narriman out of the way, Farouk's obsession with the opposite sex proceeded apace. His sexually uninhibited ways and his appetite for conquest amazed even the most open-minded playboys of both the Italian and French Rivieras. Yet no matter how conspicuous his lechery became it never quite managed to overtake Farouk's appetite for food. He always ate as if he was in a hurry to go out and play.

On the day Farouk granted me an interview, I sat opposite him at Rome's then best-known American restaurant, The Colony, which was often his daytime venue. I watched him demolish a lunch that consisted of a stack of lamb chops, a half chicken, a platter of creamed meat patties, side dishes of french-fried potatoes, peas, artichokes, rice and chicken-livered onions — he topped this off with a dessert of peaches, pomegranates and bananas, all washed down with gargantuan quantities of freshly crushed orange juice.

Such over-indulgence was something that should not have surprised me, for Farouk had been known to eat around the clock. During his reign, he often visited all of his four palaces and 12 mansions in the course of 24 hours, gorging himself in each one. Once he gave a modest dinner for a visiting dignitary and had 1,200 frogs legs rushed to his table all the way from Paris. And when it turned out the dignitary didn't particularly enjoy this delicacy, an unabashed Farouk promptly devoured the whole batch himself, which he climaxed with two quarts of sherbet, and a full gallon of apple juice (as a Moslem he abstemiously avoided alcohol in all its forms).

Such idiosyncracies were what made Farouk Farouk. He had another that gave cause for comment. The letter F was one of his fetishes — and whenever he could, he went out of his way to make a big to-do about it. His father's first name began with an F, while his four sisters had names like Fawzia, Fika, Faiza and Fathia. When he married his first wife, he changed her name from Safinaz to Farida, and in turn saw to it that his children were named Faida, Ferial, Fawzia and Fuad.

The British press used to make capital of this F-fetish of his and never let up on Farouk. In print Fleet Street delighted in saying that His Highness had certainly picked out the right letter of the alphabet to emphasize, inasmuch as he was fat, friendless, forlorn, fickle and fanatic. Out of print they usually called him a fathead and a fuck-fiend — appelations that would have made Farouk furious.

But one F-word the British never called him was a fool. Banker Winthrop Aldrich, a frequent visitor to the Court of St. James, once said of King Farouk after a long conversation with him — that 'he knows more about international gold movements than any layman I have ever spoken to.' Farouk obviously appreciated the power of money since he did not stint on beautiful women and rich food — yet he sometimes baffled people when it came down to small change.

Known as a poor tipper among Rome's restaurant workers, he would think nothing of leaving a 50-lire gratuity (about five pence) after a 12-course dinner that had run his waiter bow-legged. At home in his villa he often slipped into the kitchen to count the coke bottles in the refrigerator, in case one of his servants had sneaked off with one to get the deposit.

At the Deauville Casino, where he had been known to blow as much as £2,500 on the turn of a card, he once brought a 25p visitor's pass — which meant you could observe the gambling but not take part. Later, when Farouk had a yen to risk a few chips anyway, he purchased a full-privilege admission ticket — and then spent a half hour wading through a tangle of red tape to get back his half-dollar fee.

'I have to be careful,' he reported with a straight face. That night he lost £25,000. The loss didn't bother him a bit, for the next day, he was back in the Casino again.

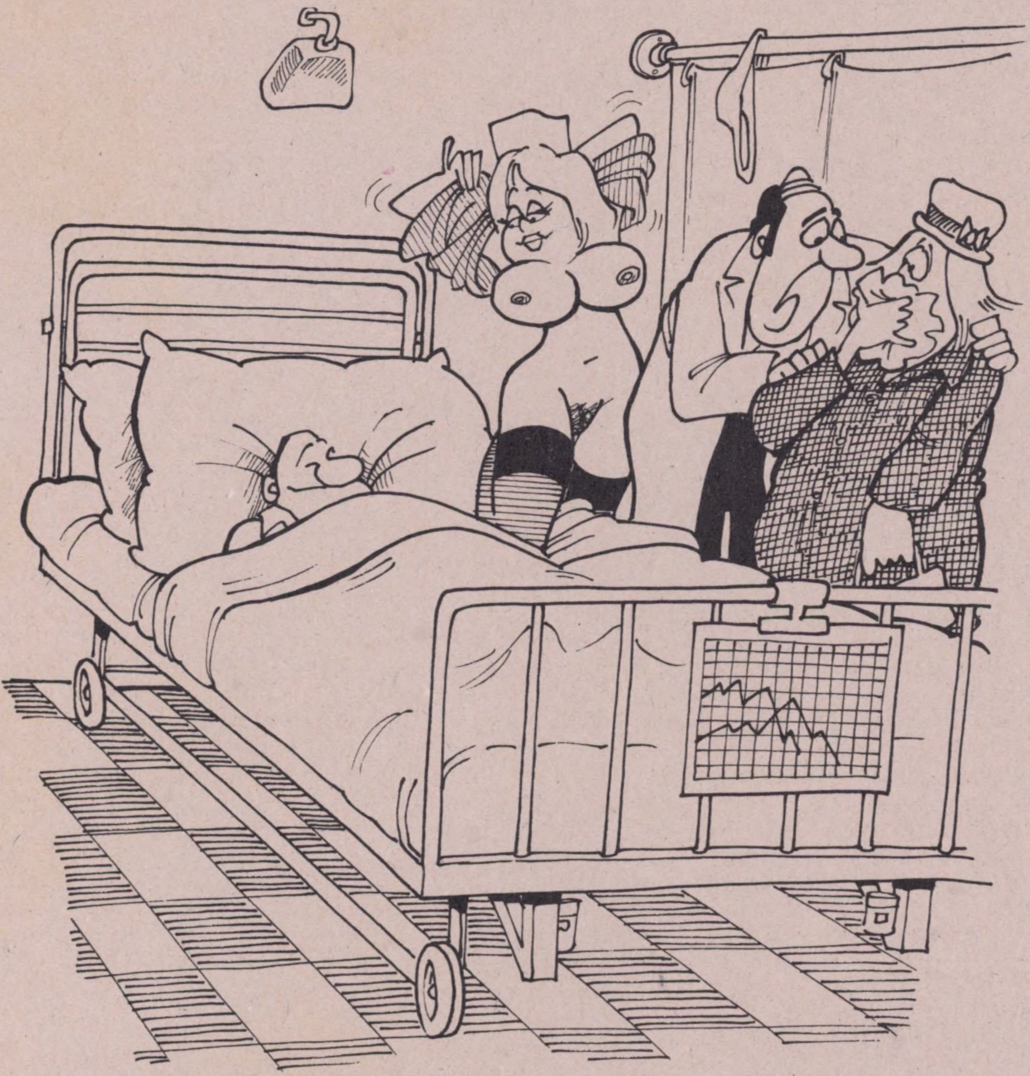
The ex-monarch died exactly way he had lived. Just before midnight on the night of Wednesday March 17, 1965, he had taken Annamaria Gatti, his latest girlfriend, a full-breasted Roman, to dinner at a roadside restaurant on the Via Aureli a Antica.

Seated at a corner table with a napkin draped over his ample belly, Farouk made a frontal attack on a plate of 12 oysters, which he washed down with a 32-ounce bottle of mineral water. He followed this up with a leg of lamb (large enough for four people) fried potatoes and string beans, which he flushed down with bottles of ginger ale. For dessert he ordered a double-dish of chestnuts boiled in milk and sugar, and larded with whipped cream and meringue. To wash this down, he drank two bottles of Coca-Cola.

His meal was not over, however, for he ordered a basket of fruit from which he extracted two large-sized oranges that he peeled and ate. After yet another coke, he drew out a Havana cigar, lit it, took one deep puff, blew out a satisfying cloud of smoke, smiled at Annamaria, lowered his practised eyes to appraise her bust, and collapsed with a heart attack.

Rushed to a nearby hospital, Farouk Faud I died at 2:08 am. He was 45 years old.

'But darling, can't you miss church just for once?'



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'Is this your first time on nights, Wendy?'

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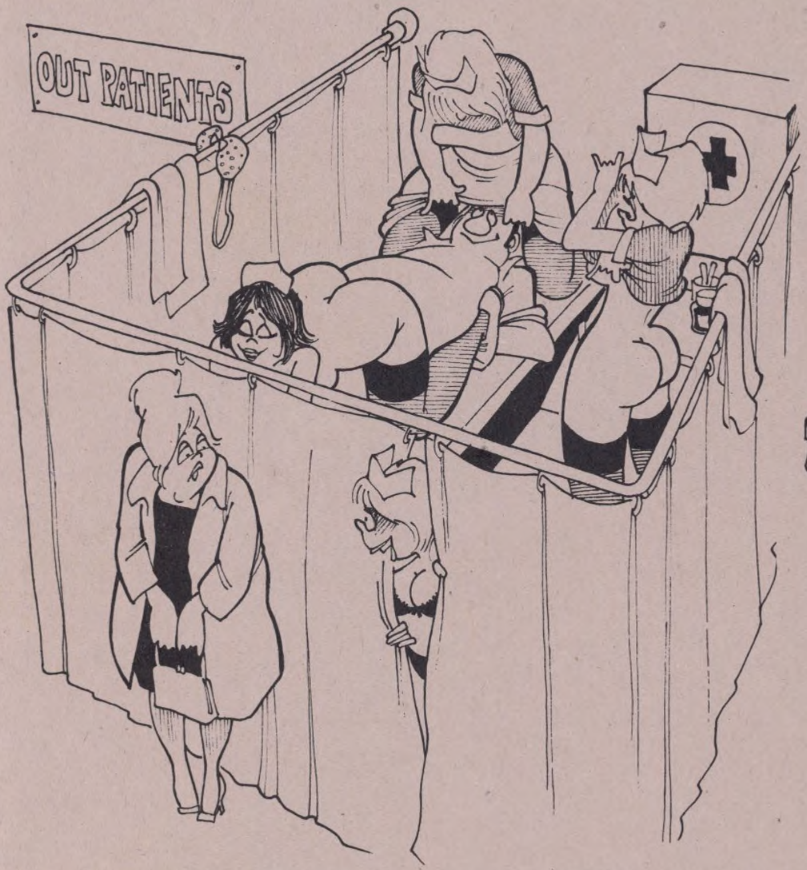
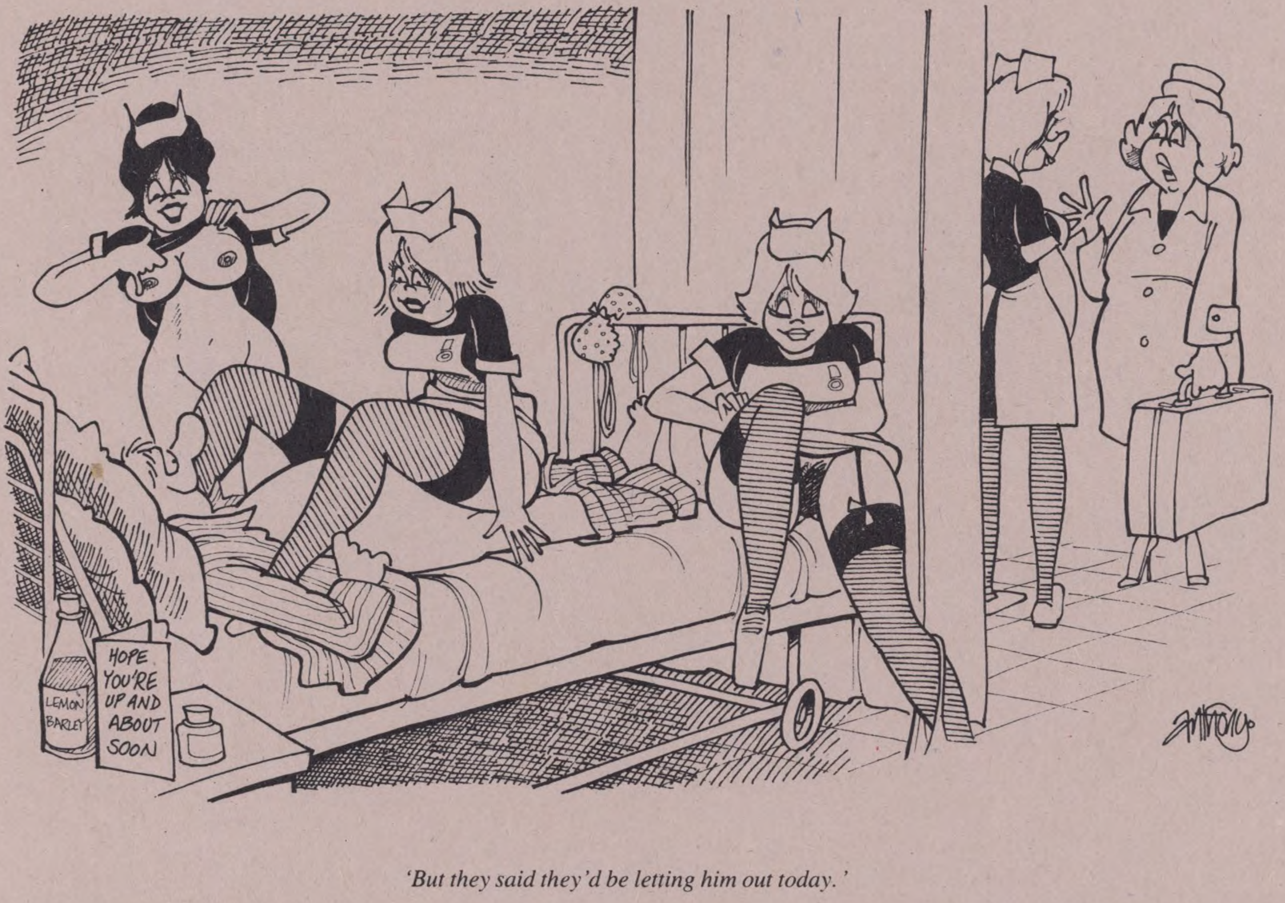
'Not another specimen!'

'There's no chance of getting a bed-pan while that young doctor's about.'


OUT PATIENTS

'It's nothing serious, but even so, we would like to keep him in overnight.'

'Are you the gentleman who's just had the vasectomy?'


LEMON BARLEY
HOPE YOU'RE UP AND ABOUT SOON
Anthony

'But they said they'd be letting him out today.'

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent,
***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic,
♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing,
♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp,
♡No discernable sex content

****♡♡**About Last Night** (15), 1hr 55 mins. Invited home to bed by a beautiful young girl he meets in a singles bar, young salesman Bernie Litko (Jim Belushi) finds his new conquest will only respond to his advances while a tape of battle noises is playing, punctuated by Bernie's vocal imitations of loud explosions. When this stops working the young lady dons a flak suit, dowses the bedroom with lighter fuel, ignites it and, amid the flames, shrieks, 'Now! Do it to me now!' Understandably Jim decides he's had enough, and exits past the arriving fire brigade. 'Why don't these young broads ever want to do it straight anymore?' he wonders. Or at least that's his story, as recounted breathlessly to best friend Danny Martin (Rob Lowe), a fellow haunter of Chicago's singles scene. However Danny's good looks — ably supported by a seduction technique involving two sets of stereo headphones and some strategically placed scatter cushions — ensure *his* conquests are more reality than fantasy. Enter now Debbie (Demi Moore), dark-haired, voluptuous and bright, who — against her better judgement — quickly succumbs to Danny's headphone technique. Soon they are deeply in lust, frolicking nudely on the bed, in the shower and by the light of the fridge after a midnight snack. Then she moves in, then he decides he can't take the pressure of so much intimacy, then she moves out, *then* he decides he's crazy about her after all... In fact, a wholly familiar modern love story, but given distinction by a rare truthfulness, much humour, and the fact that the story is seen equally through the eyes of the couple's disapproving, and envious, best friends. A treat for all born after the 1940's.

***♡♡**Legal Eagles** (PG), 2 hrs. Conned by a pushy lawyer (Debra Winger) into reviewing the case of a beautiful young artist (Darryl Hannah) accused of art theft and then murder, assistant district attorney Robert Redford unearths a long-hidden art fraud. He is then seduced by his client, shot at, and twice escapes death by inches in a spectacular warehouse explosion, and an arsonist's fire at a prestigious art gallery. High class Hollywood hokum — superb entertainment and a nicely antagonistic relationship between Redford and Winger. But how old does Mr Redford have to get before he'll play anything but Mr Perfect?

♡♡Psycho III** (18), 1hr 30 mins. Meanwhile back at the Bates motel, a rehabilitated Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) — fresh from the asylum and the slaughter of *Psycho II*, not to mention Hitchcock's masterly original — has overcome his murderous Oedipus complex, only to find that his real mother is in fact a local waitress. Now her stuffed body lies upstairs, while Norman dons hair net and dress to carve up some more unlucky guests — notably a disturbed nun (Diana Scarwid) and a lecherous drifter (Jeff Fahey) whose treatment of casual pick-ups is far from gentlemanly. Macabre, if a little familiar. Good fun.

♡♡A Fine Mess** (PG), 1 hr 53 mins. When philandering movie extra Spence Holden (Ted Danson of TV's *Cheers*) blunders into two inept Mafioso (Richard Mulligan and Stuart Margolin) doping a racehorse with an outsize suppository, he becomes the prey in a prolonged and increasingly ludicrous chase. Also involved is a roller-skating waiter chum (Howie Mandel) and the nymphomaniac and stunning wife of Mafia don (Maria Conchita Alonso). Amiable, rathern than sidesplitting fun from the maker of *10*.

***♡♡**Extremities** (18), 1 hr 30 mins. Prospective rape victim Marjorie Easton (Farrah Fawcett) turns the tables on the plausible, thuggish rapist (James Russo) who terrorises her in her own home by blinding him with insect spray, trussing him up and caging him in her fireplace. When the attacker laughingly promises bloody revenge once he's released — as he will be, since rape hasn't yet taken place and it's only her word against his — she starts to dig a grave in the back garden. Will her two flatmates (Diana Scarwid and Alfre Woodard) dissuade her from doing something she might regret? A taut, involving drama whose proximity to uncomfortable truth saves it from plain nastiness.

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

There are few sadder things than a restaurant that has had its day. I felt like that for some time about the **Quo Vadis** *(26-29, Dean St, Soho, London W1 — 01 437 4808/9585)* until I lunched there recently after an absence of 15 years. Papa Leoni's famous old Italian house in Soho has been modernized masterfully in shades of brown and beige, with the main room cleverly semi-partitioned to add intimacy. What has not changed is the quality of the service and cuisine — as good now, as then. I came away with a menu without the prices, but reckon on £30 for two, including a bottle of house wine and two aperitifs. Every single dish has its English explanation beneath. How I wish Indian restaurants would copy! Chef's creations are starred. Try the *Zuppe di Tartaruga* (turtle soup with sherry), *Pasta e Fagioli* (Tuscan bean soup), the *Lasagne Verdi Al Forno* (with minced meat, Bechamel sauce, and Parmesan), and poached trout in fish stock in a prawn and white wine sauce, and the fillets of sole in butter with artichoke hearts. Their *Carne* column has two breasts of chicken given star billing and two cuts of beefsteak: the *Pollo con* asparagus and mushroom in a brandy and cream sauce, or with *Bel Paese*, fried in butter, and the filleted steak in wine and cream, or cooked in Marsala wine. Yes, *Quo Vadis* is back at full strengh once more, and celebrating its 60th year.

In view of what I said in my previous paragraph about Indian restaurants not translating their wares into English on their menus I had better tell you right away that another well established Soho restuarant, **The Red Fort** *(77, Dean St, London W1 — 01 437 2525)* certainly does. But then, I would expect them to. Strangely, its prices are not as high as one might think, and compare with the Central London average. *The Red Fort* is named after the one in Delhi, seat of the Mogul emperors, the British, and now the Indian Government. Unless one is a devout vegetarian, mogul cuisine is the creme de la curry. The richest of spices and herbs, the tenderest of meats, with that smilingly silent service beloved of Kiplingesque folklore. One doesn't sit down and immediately trench here. You order one of the establishment's well known cocktails like the 'Governor General', 'Peacock Throne', or, if in athletic mood, 'Storm The Fort,' at £1.95 each. Then you sit down to firsts of *Masha* (£1.75), spiced beans in a scooped out onion; *Momo* (£2.25), minced meat and spices wrapped in pastry; followed by one of the Tandoori specials, or a selection from 'Chef's Recommendations' (lamb, seafood, or chicken). The menu is explicit and does not overload the imagination with too many dishes, a mistake the average High Street curry house always makes. Six lamb curries, mostly at £3.50, and five chicken for £3.50/£3.95 — and do not forget their special Sunday lunchtime £7.95 buffet. Old India hands eat your hearts out! House wine is £5.25 a bottle.

Let me say right away that Raymond, Mine Host at **Nuvolare** *(2-4, Garrick St, London WC2 — 01 240 0131)*, was very unwell with a touch of 'flu the day I went to lunch, but very sportingly turned up to meet me from his sick-bed afterwards. What did spoil my enjoyment of some very good Italian cuisine was the offhandedness of some members of staff. When I did manage to gain their attention, the *Lumache Burgogna* (£3.95), *Escargots* with butter and parsley, made an excellent first course, as did my guest's *Coppa La Praia* (£2.90), the prawns and crab in cocktail sauce. I could not fault, either, the main course of calves' liver with butter and sage (*Fegato Alla Salvia*) or the *Sogliola Versielese*, fillets with tomato and mushrooms in white wine sauce, although, at £7.90, it was a touch expensive. It is in the pasta section where chef, Senior Marcellino, really comes into his own. Try *Tortellini Piemontese* (£3.50) — rings of pasta stuffed with meat, cream, and tomato — or *Ravioli Della Casa (£3.80)*, homemade with tomato and herbs. Another member of the party chose that day's special, the *Medaglione di Manzo Boscaiola*, beef fillet with mushrooms in wine, for a healthy £7.20. Perhaps the tapes should not have been playing Faure's requiem at the time? Not all things are sky high in price, however. A glass of house wine is £1.20, and a bottle of *Pinot Grigio* £5. The top of the list was a 1978 *Brunello di Montalcino* at £36.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.

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TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew's green luscious island republic at the crossroads of the Far East, is a quite unforgettable place to spend a week. Among all the other former appendages of Empire, it personfies that curious dichotomy of thriving independence and nostalgia for the Raj. Linked to the Malayan mainland by a causeway, Singapore is the size of the Isle of Wight. Seventy-four per cent of its 2.5 million population are Chinese. The rest are of Malay or Indian origin with a sliver of Eurasians and Europeans.

It is the greenness that strikes the first time visitor as he lands on Singapore Airlines overnight flight from London, via Bombay. The new *Changi* (which now means airfield, not prison camp) is built on reclaimed land on the island's south east coast. One sees the tower blocks of the city in the distance through a heat haze of 67 per cent humidity and a temperature of 84 degrees. Its a sweet smelling tropical heat. It is only 60 miles north of the Equator, after all.

Drive on the left into the city along the Pan Island Expressway past vast blocks of public flats into the heady neon of the centre. The *Hyatt Regency* is a five-star hotel in Scott Road. English street names have been kept. Outside, fountains splash in the night. 'Everywhere is so clean!' a fellow traveller gasps. It is, and also extremely disciplined. Drug pushers are executed, litter louts and jaywalkers heavily fined. My room in the hotel has king-sized beds, a marble bathroom, and an enclosed glass patio looking out over the Central Business District. Breakfast in my room was a treat. It was wheeled in on a trolley with a 'warmer' beneath keeping the eggs hot.

Singapore is a shopper's paradise. Made-to-measure shirts for £10 run up in 24 hours, suits for £50, cameras and electronics unbeliveably cheap with an exchange rate (at the time of writing) of three Singapore dollars to the pound.

Buses and taxis have strictly controlled fares. *Rickshaws* these days are bicycles with side cars. I enjoyed a leisurely walk from the hotel down Orchard Road to the *Padang*, the cricket ground, and *Raffles* hotel took under half an hour, stopping for a 66p plate of fried noodles from an open Chinese cafe with the wok inlaid into the marble top of the cooker by the entrance. 'No women or children allowed beyond this point,' says the notice at the cricket pavilion's entrance to the field of play. Regimental favours and photographs hang around the main bar room.

Raffles is the only preserved listed buidling in Singapore. Now *kitsch* and old hat, it is capitalising on its colonial anthology no end. There's *Cad's Alley* where subalterns once pounced on unattached young ladies, and the *Long Bar* advertising the birthplace of the original Singapore Sling; somewhat diluted over the passing years, costing £3. But *Raffles* still has that certain 'something' — travellers palms in the shaded gardens and whirring overhead fans in the *Elizabethan Room* where Somerset Maugham dined. Across Singapore's village green the vicar of St Andrew's Cathedral Canon Frank Lomax joined me as we gazed at the well buffed commemorative plates to former sons and daughters of Empire. Then two Chinese members of his congregation served tea and cucumber sandwiches in the vestry.

Take a ferry trip around the harbour to the lush golf greens of Sentosa island, Singapore's playground. 'Great for jogging and cycling,' advises the brochure, but we take the 45 minute monorail trip around the tiny island and bask on Tajong beach, watching the windsurfers. But the high point was a visit to the Chinese stone Museum, and seeing the 2,000 shells in the Coralarium.

Eating is such a pleasure. I went to a seafood restaurant complex of 15 individual restaurants, and paid £29 for 10 set dinners of eight enormous courses. There are restaurants of every nationality, but on my last evening I spent £10 on the set dinner at *Raffles* — Brown Windsor Soup, Cornwall Cauliflower and 'The Sire-loin of Olde England' . . .

Beer, even the local *Tiger* brew, is expensive, £1.80 for half a litre of draught. Beware of buying the products of Change Alley which, as the name implies, sells bogus goods.

Singapore is lively. a 24 hour open city. And nearly every girl I met in a bar wanted to give me a massage. 'Don't go with that one in green,' advised a little missy. 'She not clean.' By which I took her to mean she had not washed her hands . . .

Further information from: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, *126-130 Regent St, London W1 (01 437 0033).*

From the barnstorming 1930's to his fatal accident filming *The Flight Of The Phoenix* in 1965, Paul Mantz was the cinema's top stunt pilot

DEATH OF

A STUNT KING

By Cy Young

Illustration by Brian Jones

After World War One the United States launched itself into a delirious celebration of victory and freedom, a jazz age of pole squatters, human flies and wing walkers. The real life stunts of these amateur daredevils were faithfully reproduced in Hollywood, where the silent cliffhanger serials of Pearl White and Harry Houdini, together with the Harold Lloyd and Mack Sennett comedies, fed the public's appetite for danger and excitement.

The wartime pilots who came home in 1918 to barnstorm around America's prairie states gravitated towards California, where there was a golden opportunity to earn some dollars and cents displaying the skills learnt in the Army Air Corps.

During the 1920's the cinema screens began to fill with aviation dramas like *The Air Mail* and *The Lone Wolf,* reaching a peak in 1927 with Paramount's ambitious production of *Wings* directed by William Wellman, a veteran of the Lafayette Escadrille, the renowed French fighter squadron composed of expatriate American aces. These early days produced numerous accidents. The legendary Dick Grace bust several vertebrae crashing a Fokker biplane on *Wings*, and one-time barnstormer Ormer Locklear was burned to death when his aircraft went out of control during a night shoot for *The Skywayman*.

None of this discouraged a 26-year-old charter pilot and instructor named Paul Mantz, who arrived in Hollywood in 1930 determined to carve out a profitable career for himself as a movie flyer. Mantz's timing was spot on; the young machine tool millionaire Howard Hughes was dominating the headlines with his epic production *Hell's Angels,* destined to become the most famous of all the early flying pictures. Its credits included a flamboyant stunt pilot named Frank Clarke, whilst behind the camera for the aerial scenes was cinematographer Elmer Dyer. Both men would soon become closely associated with Mantz.

Albert Paul Mantz was born on August 2, 1903 in Alameda California, a home town he shared with the 1932 world air speed record holder Jimmy Doolittle. Paul's adolescent years were passed in Redwood City, where he cadged joy rides in return for odd jobs carried out at the Christofferson air school. At the age of sixteen he was being thrown around the sky in a Curtiss Jenny by a flying instructor who enjoyed scaring his passengers. Young Paul survived the trip with his enthusiasm intact. From his first solo flight he never wanted to be anything else in life but a pilot, and by 1930 the income from charter work had enabled Mantz to purchase a World War One biplane, the start of a collection of vintage aircraft, later complemented with specially built replicas, that would make a unique living museum of aviation history. Mantz saw the business potential of hiring out these planes to film companies, and his gaze settled naturally on Hollywood.

Paul Mantz knew that if he was to gatecrash the closed shop operated by the Motion Picture Pilots' Association he needed a suitably impressive solo assignment. The break came in 1931 on a B Reeves Eason serial called *The Galloping Ghost*.

Before he was allowed to appear in the film, the MPPA charged Mantz 100 dollars to join their association, which by a strange coincidence was exactly the amount of cash he would get for performing the stunt. Mantz shrugged this aside philosophically and climbed into his old Stearman biplane.

Spreadeagled across one wing was stuntman Bob Rose, and Mantz's brief was to fly through a canyon with Rose in that position. Not until he was airborne did he tumble the snag. The weight of Rose's body was pressed against the ailerons, severely hampering the pilot's control of the Stearman, and directly in Mantz's flight path was a large tree. Thanks to a mixture of luck and ingenuity — he actually bounced his landing wheels on the deck and got the impetus needed to rise above the obstruction — Mantz came through with stuntman and plane intact and was officially accepted into the Hollywood stunting fraternity.

The next year Paul Mantz consolidated his reputation on John Ford's *Air Mail*. When the other MPPA members refused the job as too dangerous, Mantz flew his Stearman through the open doors of a hangar and emerged at the far end without a scratch. The width of the entrance was 40 feet, which meant the pilot had only 2 feet 6 inches of clearance at either wing tip, and the atmosphere was turbulent with gusts of wind and sand clouds, omens of a thunderstorm gathering in the nearby mountains.

The hangar stunt quickly became a Mantz trademark.

With the upturn in his fortunes Paul rapidly became Hollywood's top aviation consultant, planning aerial sequences and directing the camera plane on numerous productions, more often than not with cinematographer Elmer Dyer. Dyer, the veteran of *Hell's Angels,* had been very taken with Mantz's *Air Mail* stunt and from 1932 onwards rarely worked with any other pilot. With a nucleus of three machines — a Fleet demonstrator, a red and white liveried Travelair specially designed for a stuntwork, and a triple seater Stearman camera plane — Mantz now established United Air Services at Burbank, offering a reliable and comprehensive service to the Hollywood studios in place of the old *ad hoc* arrangements.

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RONNIES BAR

'Waiter, this house wine is from our house!'

Away from the studios, the boss of United Air Services continued to participate in air shows and competitions. In 1930 Mantz set a new world record of 46 outside loops. In 1933 Mantz, Frank Clarke and Howard Batt formed a stunt team, 'The Hollywood Trio' and barnstormed around the country, giving spectacular displays at air carnivals and state fairs.

These were hectic days for business and pleasure and Paul Mantz was relishing his public role as the film colony's 'Flying Cupid'. United Air Services not only ferried celebrities to movie locations and personal appearances, but also ran champagne flights to Las Vegas, Yuma and Reno — depending on whether the passengers favoured gambling, marriage or divorce that season. The aircraft that Mantz used for this unique personal service was a single prop light monoplane, a Lockheed Vega that was rapidly nick-named 'The Honeymoon Express'.

Paul was always to remember one particularly alarming incident on the return trip after flying Jean Harlow to Yuma to get married: 'I was cruising along through the night when I heard a bang, and something hit me on the back of the head. I thought I'd been shot! Actually it was only the cork from a just-popped champagne bottle.'

More gruesome charters included the transportation of William Randolph Hearst's corpse from his San Simeon eyrie to San Francisco, and flying Tom Mix's body back to Hollywood after the cowboy star had been killed in an automobile smash. Mantz also found time to give lessons to flying enthusiasts like Wallace Beery, but perhaps his most famous student was a young woman named Amelia Earhart.

Paul Mantz's close relationship with the celebrated aviatrix blossomed in 1934, when Amelia and her publisher husband George Putnam moved house to Los Angeles. In 1936 Amelia Earhart began secret preparations for a round-the-world flight, and Mantz was enlisted as her technical adviser. Amelia had purchased a Lockheed Electra, a twin engined monoplane, and Mantz supervised the installation of all the long distance navigation aids, from automatic pilot and de-icing gear to radio and extra fuel tanks. He also set up a Link simulator at Burbank on which Amelia could practise instrument flying.

On the afternoon of March 17, 1937 the Electra passed over the Golden Gate bridge on the first stage of the global voyage. In the cabin with Amelia Earhart was Paul Mantz, intent on a final check of plane and pilot. Honolulu was reached without incident, and at sunrise the following day Mantz ran an eye over the Electra one last time, then joined the small group of spectators. Amelia switched on the engines for the next leg of the journey.

Moments later the aircraft swerved across the rain-dampened runway and came to a sudden halt. An inspection revealed that the starboard landing gear was damaged and leaking petrol.

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They would have to ship the Lockheed to Burbank for repairs and start again.

The new take-off was scheduled for May. Amelia's route would now be eastwards, with the most dangerous part of the flight the unmapped penultimate stretch across the Pacific from New Guinea to Hawaii. This change of direction was opposed by Mantz, and he also disagreed with Amelia over the limited radio facilities she carried.

By May 23, 1937, when Amelia Earhart and her navigator landed the Electra at Miami airport en route to South America, Paul Mantz was out of the picture. For all the show biz trimmings Mantz was a professional, and if his advice had been heeded perhaps aviation history would have been changed, because Amelia ran out of fuel over the Pacific and was never heard from again.

In 1935 Paul Mantz had been taken on as Chief Pilot for Warner Brothers studios, though he continued to service all the Hollywood companies. In 1938 he teamed up with Elmer Dyer for *Only Angels Have Wings*, a film about a group of expatriate American mail pilots stationed in a South American banana port. Most of this Howard Hawks picture is confined to an interior set, but there is one refreshing interlude of location work that showcases United Air Services' expertise. This is a scene in which a pilot sets out on a mercy flight to a mining camp high up in the Andes, where an injured man needs to be lifted out for urgent medical treatment.

The only landing area is a small plateau with a sheer drop of 14,000 feet on all sides, and in a genuinely fraught sequence Paul Mantz and Elmer Dyer prove themselves more than equal to the script. Filming was done at St. George, Utah in the redrock canyons, and the aircraft used was Mantz's own Lockheed Vega — better known to the stars of the picture as the Honeymoon Express.

The action begins as the rescue flight enters a snow-covered mountain range; hard on Mantz's tail is Elmer Dyer's camera plane. The next aerial shot is a remarkable sustained take running no less than 45 seconds. It begins with Dyer flying alongside the Vega as Mantz comes in to land at the mining camp, narrowly misses a group of wooden shacks, and overshoots the plateau to drop into the canyon. Dyer continues filming as Mantz swings his plane back around the mountain face in a corkscrew trajectory for a second assault on the top.

During this manoeuvre, Dyer's pilot executes a daring bit of aerial choreography, actually overtaking Mantz's Vega and entering his air space. As the Lockheed skirts the mountain gradient, the starboard wingtip only feet away from scrub and rock, Elmer Dyer's aircraft is travelling directly ahead of Mantz's at the identical speed, to provide a riveting air-to-air shot of the long, circuitous ascent.

The eventual landing is on a par with the hazardous approach. Mantz puts the Vega on the deck with a flourish, bringing her around with the undercarriage kicking up a flurry of sand inches from the edge of the precipice. But this is not the end.

According to the script, the extra passenger weight makes a normal take-off impossible and the pilot must use gravity to reach an adequate flying speed. In other words, Paul Mantz dives his plane into a rocky chasm for what seems like an eternity before straightening out and heading for open sky. Characteristically the pilot buzzes the cameraman on the way out.

Apart from the stunting, there was always plenty of behind the scenes work for United Air Services, and one of Mantz's more intriguing journeyman assignments in this area was on Alfred Hitchcock's *Foreign Correspondent* in 1940.

For the scene in which a flying boat crashes into the sea, Alfred Hitchcock wanted a shot of the Atlantic Ocean as it would look from the cockpit of the doomed amphibian. Paul Mantz was asked to take up a camera plane and plunge seawards, only levelling out at the last possible moment.

When, on the set, Mantz's dramatic footage was projected onto a background screen to represent the Atlantic waves hurtling towards the actors in the fake cockpit section, it looked thoroughly convincing; especially so when at the point of supposed impact Hitch caused a tank of water to burst through the canvas screen, drenching the pilot and co-pilot.

In 1942 United Air Services acquitted themselves of *Captains of the Clouds* at Warners and *Flying Tigers* at Republic, and then officially joined the colours.

Mantz promptly became Major Paul Mantz of the Army Air Corps First Motion Picture Unit, an outfit he subsequently took over. Under Mantz the AAFMU was responsible for the famous wartime colour documentary *Memphis Belle*. Directed by William Wyler, this followed an American bomber squadron on a high altitude daylight raid into Germany.

A more concrete legacy of Paul Mantz's war service was his acquisition of two P51 Mustang fighters, and a Mitchell B25 — which it amused Mantz to fly under the Brooklyn bridge on one memorable occasion. In 1946 he modified one of the P51s and entered the Bendix Cup air race. In the distinctive red painted Mustang he won the Bendix trophy in 1946, 1947 and 1948, completing a unique hat trick.

During this period Paul was reunited with his old wartime pal William Wyler for Samuel Goldwyn's *The Best Years Of Our Lives*. By now

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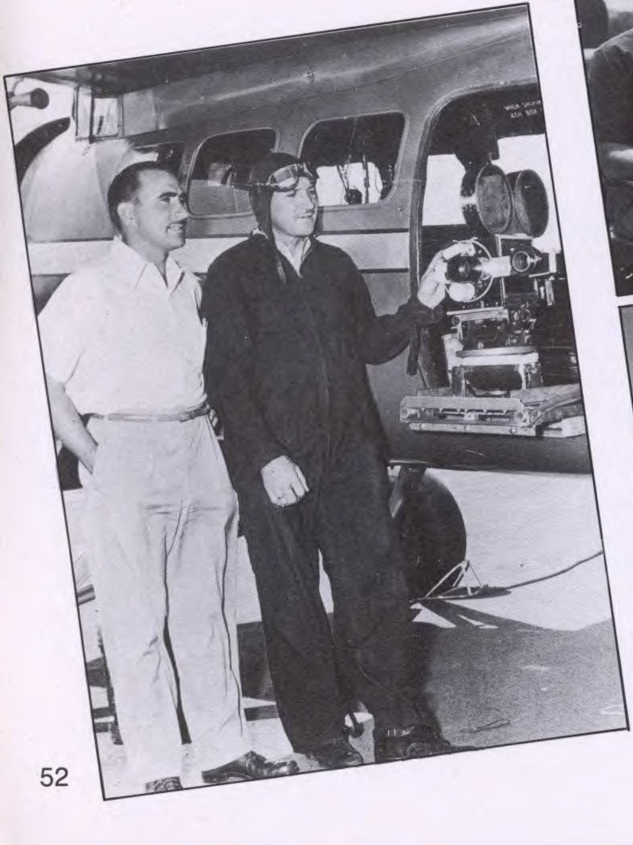

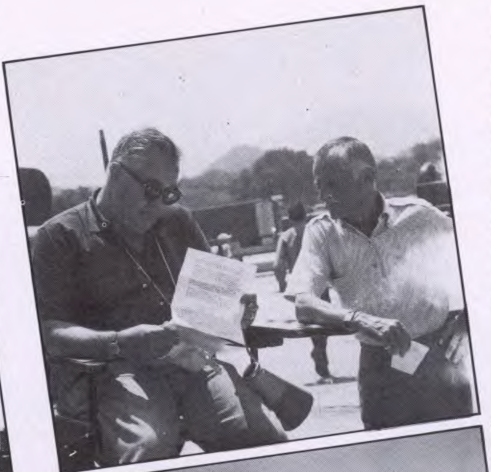

THE PHOENIX

Left: Paul Mantz with cinematographer Elmer Dyer filming I Wanted Wings *in the 1930's. Above: aged 61, Mantz confers with second unit director Oscar Randolph on the ill-fated set of* The Flight Of The Phoenix

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Mantz had adapted his B25 — nicknamed "The Smasher" — for aerial photography by grafting a large plexiglass bubble onto the nose. From here, he thought, a motion picture cameraman should be able to get some remarkable shots and indeed Mantz's brainwave proved ideal for the opening to Wyler's picture, in which three demobilised US servicemen thumb a ride home in a B17 transport.

Squeezing themselves into the bomb aimer's compartment, they look out over the country they have been so recently defending. As the B17 hedge-hops towards the city suburbs, oblivious figures can be seen relaxing on a golf course, as though the war had never happened. Nearing the local airport, the Flying Fortress passes over a scrapyard of derelict planes, which have been abandoned and neglected, like the servicemen themselves.

Paul Mantz's contribution to this poignant sequence is discreet but indispensable. The shots taken from his B25 capture the elegiac mood in a way that models and camera trickery could never have done.

Mantz was not yet finished with bombers. In 1948 Darryl F. Zanuck telephoned from Twentieth Century Fox studios, where Henry King's *Twelve O'Clock High* was in preparation. The story had one of a fleet of B17s limping back from a German raid to crash land on an East Anglian airfield — with the landing gear up.

Without a co-pilot, Mantz would have to handle all the controls and take all the risk in a quite unprecedented stunt. He contemplated increasing his life insurance coverage by a not inappropriate 10,000 dollars; but then in his usual cavalier manner decided the extra premium of 250 dollars was too high. Unknown to her boss, Paul's more cautious secretary made the deal with Lloyds of London anyway.

At the Florida location the air speed on the B17's approach to the field was 110 knots. In the pilot's cabin Mantz's hand rested on a long metal rod that had been welded to all four throttle levers so that he could operate them simultaneously. In England the underwriters at Lloyds waited nervously.

To the relief of that worthy institution, Paul Mantz's performance was A1. At the critical moment he calmly shoved his toes against the brakes and put the Flying Fortress into a juddering quarter of a mile skid on its belly, casually demolishing a couple of tents on the way.

The stunt earned Mantz a record fee of 6,000 dollars for one day's work.

In the fifties Mantz became preoccupied with the movie industry's latest gimmick, Cinerama.

Mantz's converted B25 camera plane was made to measure for Fred Waller's and Lowell Thomas' epic venture in the wide screen process, and when *This Is Cinerama* was premiered in New York on September 30, 1952 the hit of the show was the aerial travelogue *America the Beautiful*. The sequence stunned audiences with a B25's eye view of the United States, from the Grand Canyon to the Rockies and from the Golden Gate bridge to the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

1957 was a particularly memorable year for Paul Mantz. It began with the release of the Charles Lindbergh biopic *Spirit of St. Louis*. Back in the summer of 1955 Mantz had designed and built a replica of Lindbergh's plane for Billy Wilder's movie; now the film was complete. The detailed account of the aviator's 3,600 mile solo flight from New York to Paris was sandwiched between flashbacks to Lindy's early days as a mail pilot, instructor, and stunt flyer, sequences that allowed plenty of scope for United Air Services.

In contrast, the film's reconstruction of Lindbergh's departure from Roosevelt Field on the morning of May 20, 1927 was authentically sombre. In the misty dawn of a threatening, overcast day the Ryan NX 211 monoplane is towed onto the muddy, wet runway by a Ford T automobile to begin her flight. With Paul Mantz at the controls the Ryan bounces uncertainly along the ground, kicking up spray from occasional pools of rainwater. Past the white marker flag that indicates the limit of safety, and the Spirit has yet to unstick, giving Mantz the opportunity to cut things really fine by snapping a telegraph wire as he clears a line of poles: a touch of dramatic licence to enhance the Lindbergh legend. The monoplane brushes over a cluster of trees, and the pilot is away.

Spirit Of St. Louis was followed into the cinemas by another screen biography of an aviator. John

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Ford's *The Wings Of Eagles* was the story of Lieutenant Commander Frank 'Spig' Wead, a navy flyer who had been invalided from the service in 1927 and a Schneider Trophy winner.

The Mantz sequence opens with Frank Wead about to give a derisive Army pilot a taste of Navy-style aerobatics in a seaplane, whilst Maureen O'Hara as Mrs. Wead twirls her parasol impatiently and Dan Dailey revs up a motor boat in case Spig lands in the drink.

The aircraft materialises abruptly over the beach, and O'Hara's imperious disapproval evaporates as she hits the sand to avoid the pilot's unsteady passage close overhead. The plane careers across the bay, floats skimming the water, and Dailey gives chase in the boat. Mantz now soars the machine high above a crescent of white sand and Pacific azure, dives to sea level and zooms past the motor boat to put the wind up Dan Dailey, then heads for a railway viaduct.

A goods locomotive is crossing the bridge and Wead is unable to resist buzzing a couple of vagrants who are riding atop a freight wagon. The unfortunate hoboes are sent leaping into the estuary, and Mantz squares up for a repeat of the hangar stunt that made his name on John Ford's *Air Mail* in 1932.

Unlike the Stearman biplane that Paul had used on the earlier Ford picture, the seaplane had no landing wheels to absorb the impact should the pilot miscalculate and scrape the ground. If this happened, the hollow pontoons would certainly be smashed and Mantz would most likely plough out of control into the extras, waiting for their cue at the far end of the hangar.

With impeccable precision Mantz guns the plane through the hangar entrance and straight for the oblong of daylight that is the way out. A second camera picks up the action as the seaplane emerges and the matelots scatter.

Spig now heads for the admiral's tea party, where he is an overdue guest. The pilot easily overtakes Maureen O'Hara's party in an open convertible — captured in a spectacular tracking shot as the seaplane dips into frame to buzz the automobile — and then Wead runs out of gas.

Looking around for somewhere to crash, he glides towards the lawn of the admiral's residence, brushing the tree tops with his starboard float. White uniforms and summer frocks collide among the garden tables as Mantz leaves his wings behind in the greenery and crash lands the remnants of the fuselage in a swimming pool.

The climax of this long, exhilarating sequence is the only touch of fakery in a virtuoso display of stunt flying. The shot of Wead's seaplane parting the hair of the garden party was achieved by suspending the aircraft on wires and swinging it gently through the cluster of actors and extras, who dispersed across the grass in a carefully organised simulation of panic. This inevitably tame footage was then doctored in the laboratory to get the effect of rapid movement. The splashdown in the pool was filmed at normal

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speed but again used wires; not even Paul Mantz could fly a plane denuded of wings.

In January 1961 disbelieving faces craned skywards as a 1909 Bleriot monoplane landed at Compton airport, Los Angeles. The pilot was a 41-year-old enthusiast named Frank Tallman. Later that year he moved his collection of vintage aircraft to Orange County airport and went into partnership with Paul Mantz to create Tallmantz Aviation Incorporated. Mantz was now large inactive, and so it made sense to pool resources and experience with the younger man. From now on Paul would direct and Frank perform the stunts.

The first big screen credit for Hollywood's new stunt outfit was on Stanley Kramer's epic comedy of mayhem and destruction *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World.* The aerial gags in the picture are based on the complete inability of Mickey Rooney and Buddy Hackett to fly a twin engined Beechcraft monoplane in a straight line. Under Frank Tallman's guidance the Beechcraft wobbles upside down through a mountain range, narrowly misses a control tower, and recreates Paul Mantz's favourite stunt with a 160 mph pass through an open hangar. But what really astonished cinema audienecs was the sight of Frank punching the monoplane clean through a giant billboard, with just three feet of clearance between his wingtips and the metal framework. Paul Mantz had a mock-up constructed to the exact measurements of the genuine billboard, convering it with canvas strips. Frank Tallman practised his approach time and time again. The night before shooting the scene they tested the Beechcraft against a panel of balsa wood. Despite reinforced bodywork and a nose encased in 4-inch thick laminated armour glass, the plane emerged badly dented. The real billboard was made of balsa wood and styrofoam, and even with last hour modifications, Tallman reckoned the Beech was in for a rough passage.

Next day at the location, Paul Mantz's last and most vital direction to his partner was to aim the nose of the Beechcraft at the yellow circle painted on the back of the billboard. There was scant margin for error. If Frank was off target he would almost certainly crash into one of the supports, and these were not breakaway props made in the special effects department, but steel girders embedded in concrete.

On screen, the monoplane sails through the board like a dream. In reality it was more like a nightmare. The windscreen shattered; the wings and the nose had sustained dents, making it hard to manoeuvre the aircraft; and the starboard engine was dead, choked with debris from the punctured billboard. The pilot radioed for emergency landing clearance. Several long minutes later the Beech touched the runway at Orange County airport, and Frank Tallman breathed again.

In the early months of 1965 Twentieth Century Fox were shooting the adaptation of Elleston Trevor's novel *The Flight Of The Phoenix*. In the story a group of characters are stranded in the Arabian desert after the crash of a twin engine Flying Boxcar cargo plane. The only hope of survival is to construct a makeshift light aircraft from the wreckage, and fly back to civilization quite literally on a wing and a prayer.

The Fox studios technical department actually built the Phoenix full size, from designs in Trevor's book, and then looked around for a skilled pilot willing to take her up. Tallmantz Aviation were consulted and Frank Tallman elected to fly the plane himself; but a few days before filming he broke a leg pushing his son's go-kart. Paul Mantz stepped into the breach.

On the morning of 7 July, 1965 Mantz landed at Blythe airport, Yuma. At the location in Arizona's Buttercup Valley the cobbled together Phoneix awaited her maiden flight.

There was a hiccup on the first attempt when the Pratt and Whitney engine overheated and the pilot had to come back, but at least this proved the Phoenix could be brought down safely. Landing was made somewhat easier by the concealment of wheels inside the ski runners — supposedly part of the body frame cannibalised from the crashed transport.

Mantz took her up again. By sunset that day most of the vital aerial footage was in the can.

It was around 6 am the next day when Mantz belted himself into the Phoenix for another take. In the second cockpit, doubling for Hardy Kruger, was stuntman Bob Rose, who had worked with Paul Mantz on the pilot's very first Hollywood assignment in 1931. Mantz was now 61. Rose was 64.

Second unit director Oscar Rudolph gave the cue for action. The Phoenix appeared over the sand dunes and dipped towards the waiting cameras.

The skis of the plane brushed the sand and Mantz circled around for another pass. That was equally successful. Then a final one, just in case of negative damage on the previous takes. It was nearly 7. am when the Phoenix approached the valley for the last time, and Mantz's voice over the radio was confident. Then it happened.

The ski undercarriage ploughed into the sand, the Phoenix juddered violently under the impact, and the fuselage started to crack open like an egg shell. On the second bounce the aircraft jack-knifed, the fabric split along the seams, and with the next shock wave the Phoenix finally disintegrated.

Bob Rose managed to jump clear in the nick of time, and escaped with a fractured pelvis and shoulder blade. But the engine and front cockpit section pitched headlong into the ground and cartwheeled across the floor of the valley. Paul Mantz was decapitated.

When *The Flight Of The Phoenix* received its world premier in London on January 20, 1966 the end credits included a special tribute to the man who had been risking his neck on camera for more than thirty years.

' It should be remembered . . . that Paul Mantz, a fine man and a brilliant flyer, gave his life in the making of this film.'

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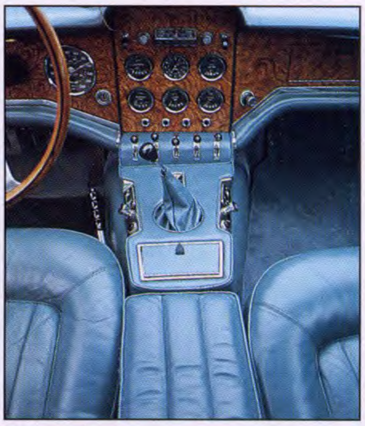
Three examples of the Facel Vega II with its 6.3-litre Chrysler engine. Introduced in 1961 by the Paris car company, the Facel II had a top speed of 130 mph, and could reach 60 mph in under nine seconds. Luxurious yet heavy (it weighed close to two tons), it was popular with the critics and the wealthy who wanted a fast but comfortable coupé.

Photographed
and described by
Ed Alexander

In its short life, French car company Facel Vega produced 'the fastest four-seaters in the world'. Capable of over 140 mph and impressively luxurious, their cars were admired by critics and adored by the rich and famous. However in 1964, after only ten years, the firm folded leaving a few rare vehicles as a monument to a company that tried to make cars with the quality of a Rolls-Royce and performance of Bugatti

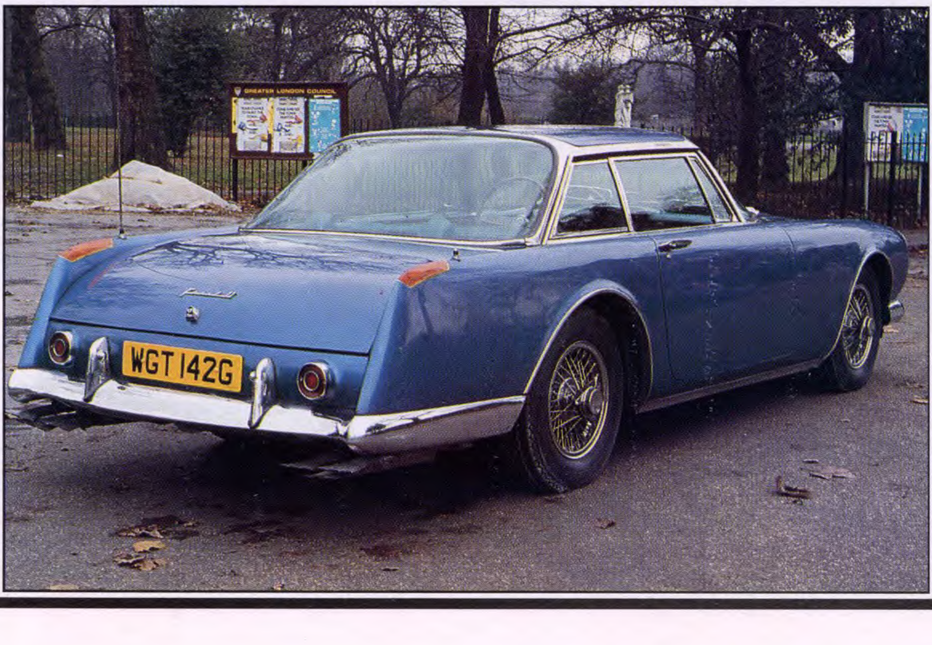


LAST VEGAS

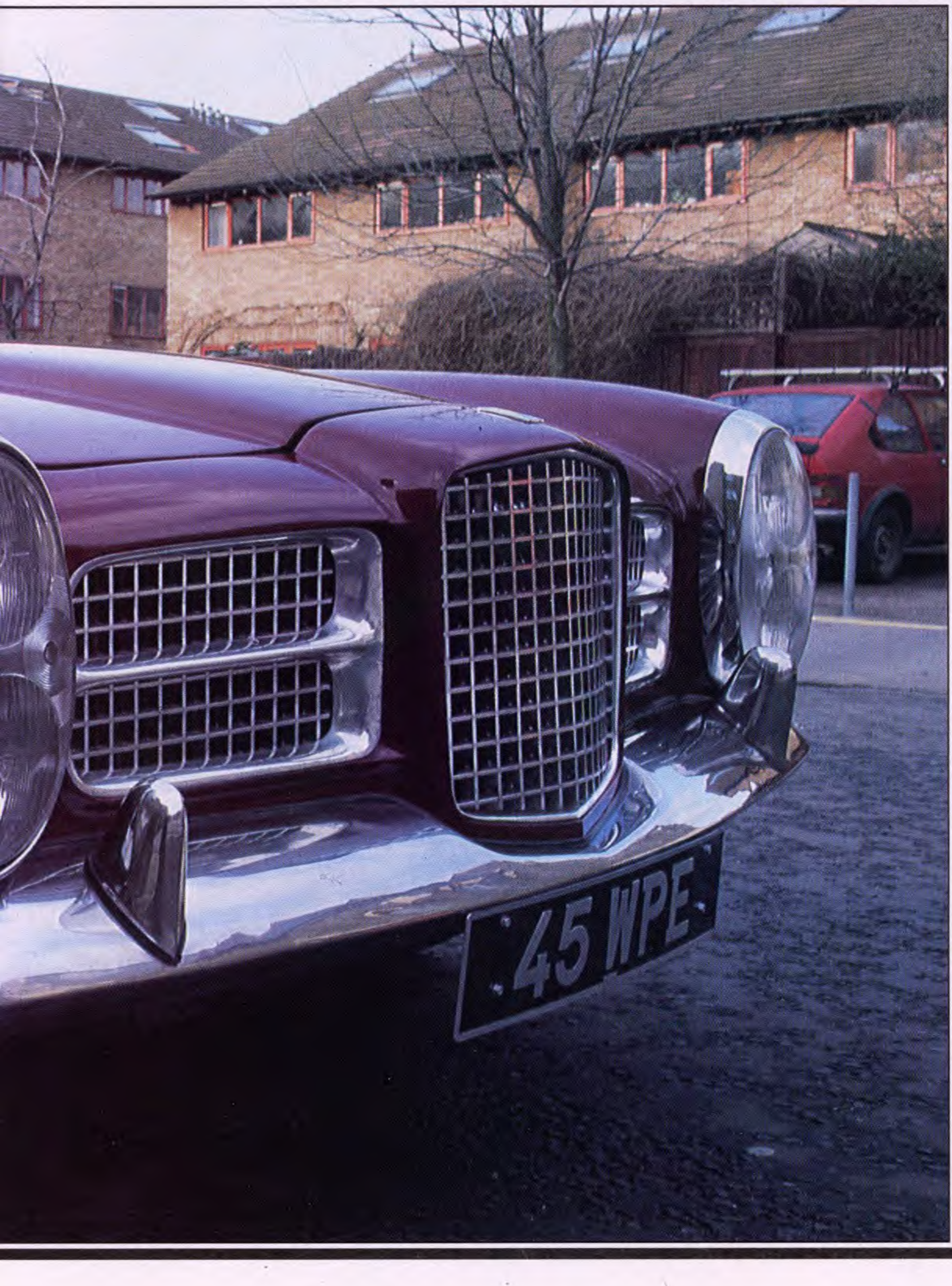
In the late 1950s Facel Vega produced the fastest luxury four-seater in the world. Adored by the aristocracy, cherished by Royalty, it was hailed by the motoring press as a car that could take on Rolls-Royce and win. It could propel its owner at 140 mph in sumptuous luxury, and reach 60 mph with silky smoothness in 8.4 seconds. Yet just a few years later, the same firm was to die an ignominious death producing a small unremarkable sports car. What went wrong?

If ever there was an example of a company with the right ideas at the wrong time, it was Facel Vega. From the start of production in 1954, the firm was to last just ten years, killed by punitive tax laws on large-engined cars and a management that just couldn't decide what to do for the best. Only 3,500 Facel Vega cars were ever made, yet despite its short life and the small numbers it produced, for the quality of its product the company deserves a place alongside those other French greats like Bugatti, Delahaye and Delage.

Facel Vega was the work of Jean Daminos. Daminos had been with Citreon in the 1930s, but in 1939 decided to branch out on his own. He formed his own company, Facel Metallon, whose principal task at first was to supply specialist bodies for Panhard and Simca. But that was not enough for the ambitious Daminos. In 1950, he exhibited some of his own designs at the Paris Salon with great success. He was encouraged to do more, and it wasn't long before he decided to tread the path built by the likes of



Left and pictures below: A convertible Facel II once owned by Lionel Bart. Near right: The 1650cc Facellia introduced in 1960 which had a top speed of 115 mph. Top right: Another Facellia. This one is said to have belonged to Joan Collins.



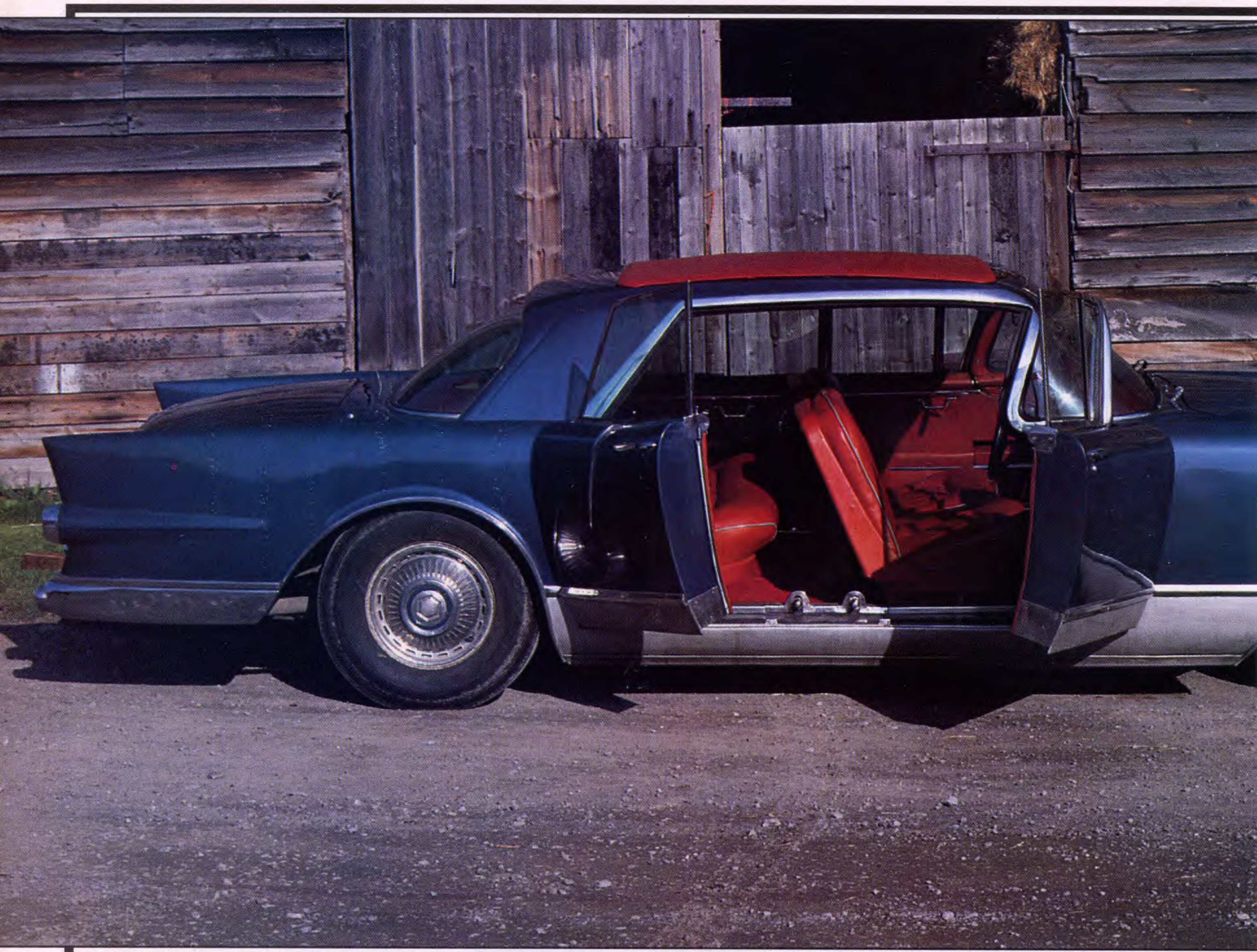
Railton by making European bodies to host the large but smooth American V8 engines.

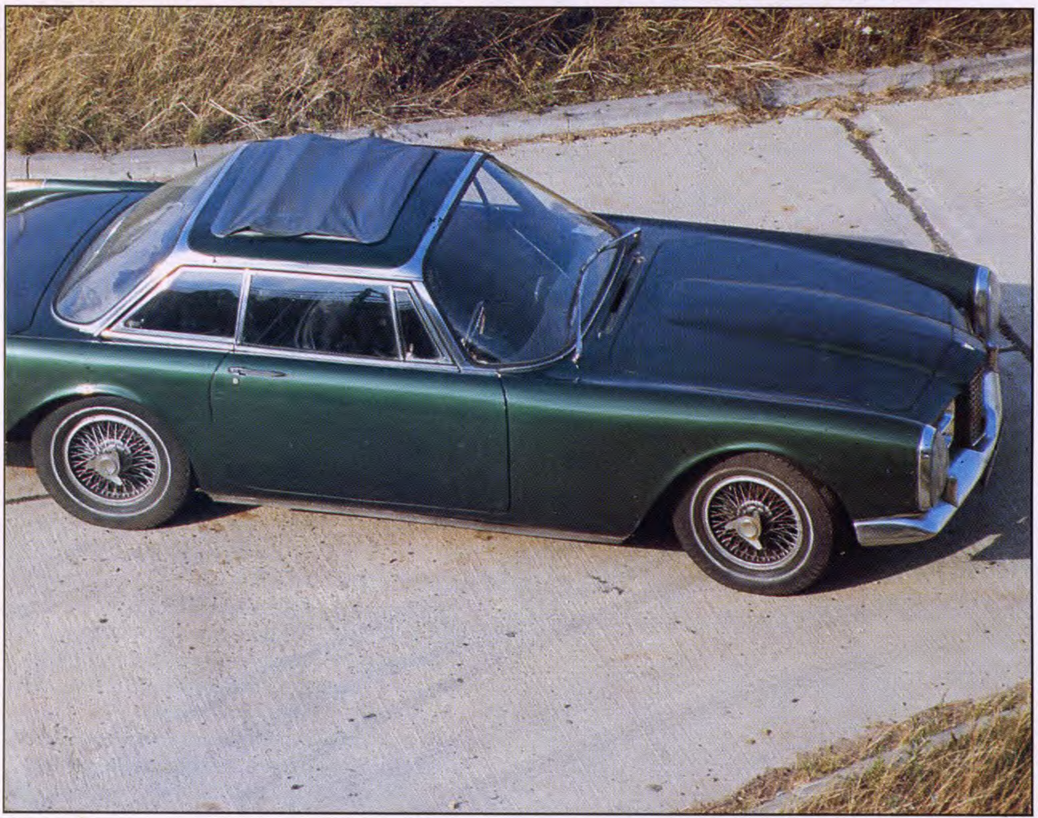
So it was in 1954 that the first Facel Vega was to make its debut, also at the Paris Salon. It was a truly cosmopolitan car. Powered by an American 4.5-litre Chrysler V8 engine turning out 180 bhp at 4,400 rpm, it had a French gearbox and a Salisbury rear axle from Britain. It was intended to be a true GT, but its performance by European standards was not that sprightly. However, it did manage 120 mph, despite its enormous size (15 feet long by six feet wide), and was considered to be exceptionally good-looking.

Reaction to the new car was exciting. People liked its lines, and the grille and headlight layout which was to mark out all future Facel Vegas. But, in common with the launches of so many new cars, it was practically impossible to get hold of one. None at all were available until well into 1955, and then only 47 were made at the Colombes factory. In 1956, production improved, and so did the Facel Vega. A 4.8-litre engine was installed to give the FV1, as this new model was to be called, 200 bhp. Then came an FV2 with a higher-compression version of the same engine giving 250 bhp. And if that wasn't sufficient, shortly after, Chrysler's largest engine at that time, a 5.4-litre, was installed into a model called the FV2B, producing 285 bhp.

Luxury was always one of the Facel Vega's strong points. From the start Daminos wanted his cars to compete with the likes of Rolls-Royce, and so an especially glamorous model was launched in 1956 to take on the 'Best Car in the World'. It was called the Excellence, and was a pillarless four-door of massive dimensions. Seventeen feet long and six feet wide, it was powered at first by the new and equally gigantic Chrysler 6.4-litre V8. Later this was replaced with the Chrysler 5.9-litre V8, but the car was still good for 125 mph, a speed few models of its size could match. Its luxury and performance, however, were more than equalled by its exclusivity. Only 152 were ever made.

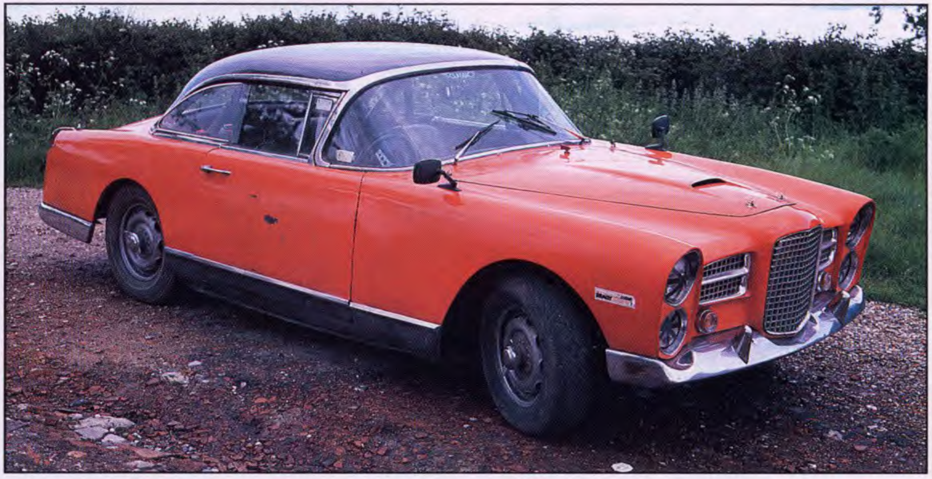
Despite demand and a favourable press, Facel Vega production remained depressingly slow. By 1958, a total of only 352 cars of all models





Above and small picture below it: Facel's most luxurious car, the 6.4-litre Facel Excellence from 1956. Only 152 of them were ever made. Left: Another Facel II. Bottom right: The bonnet insignia of the Facel Vega.

Left and pictures below: The model that was to make Facel's name, the HK500. First made in 1958, the HK500 had a 5.9-litre Chrysler engine giving it a top speed of 146 mph, making it one of the fastest production cars of any kind when it appeared.



FACEL
FACEL
VEGA
PARIS

had rolled off the production line. One of the reasons for this was the difficulty in obtaining the giant high compression Chrysler V8 engines. Daminos went a short way to solving this by introducing a smaller two-door coupé in 1958. But this was only a stop-gap. That same year, he was to release another large-engined model. It was the car that was to make Facel Vega's name. It was called the HK500, and retained the original Vega chassis only with a slightly stretched wheelbase and wider track. At the heart of it all the Chrysler 5.9-litre V8 engine. This gave the two-door saloon an incredible top speed of 146 mph, making the HK500 one of the fastest road cars of any sort in the 1950s. It had a 0-to-60 time of under 8½ seconds, when most sports cars of the period were taking 12 — astonishingly quick for a car weighing one and three-quarter tons.

Those who test drove it were fullsome in their praise. They liked the smoothness of the ride, the relative lack of body roll, and good stability and cornering. Their complaints were that it was hard work in town (power steering was available later), and that racing tyres were needed to reach the speeds that had been claimed for it. By 1960, sales and production began to reflect their satisfaction. Over 200 HK500s were made that year, and sold to anyone who could afford the £4,739 17s.6d. asked for it. However, there were signs that the future would be less rosy.

High taxation on cars with large engines had always hampered sales of the Facel Vega in France, and it seemed that many other countries were going to follow suit. Facel's answer was to diversify. That same year they introduced the Facellia. This scaled-down version of the big coupé, had a 1650cc engine, which remarkably Facel Vega decided to make themselves. The car was available as either a four-seater, a 2+2 coupé or convertible, and measured 13½ by five feet. Its top speed was claimed to be around 115 mph with a 0-to-60 time of 12 seconds, roughly comparable with the MGB. Fuel consumption was half that of the HK500, but it was still very heavy, weighing over a ton. However, it was considered a lively performer for the early 1960s, and the company's first power pack had made a reasonable debut.

Had Facel Vega continued to develop along these

turn to page 75

THROW BACK

Fiction
by
George Lewis

Computers might roll over and beg for sexy Miss Brown, but where people were concerned she longed for the cave man approach. Hairy-handed Mr Crowe was the man to make it

Miss Elsie Brown was lovely. And lewd. And loved it. Only a trace of eye-shadow, and no lipstick and chestnut hair carefully and expensively tousled by Sloane Street, and full, positive breasts, and obviously no bra, and a rump that quiveringly announced itself, and no panties either (but only to the expert eye): which is why Miss Brown favoured narrow skirts. And a belt, you know? So: a slim waist that gave her the faintest hint of hippiness, breasts that demanded attention and marvellous legs . . . and a now-you-catch-it-now-you-don't perfume that was either Miss Brown or a very subtle Miss Dior.

And clever with it — a real Pac-man when it came to office machines, and she was the only member of the staff of the Chrome-Agnon Corporation that their computer rolled over for.

She loved off-colour stories: if it was dirty, good, and if it was sexy, even better, but if it was dirty *and* sexy it bowled her over, her lovely jouncing as she tried to keep giggles from becoming laughter, and throwing appreciative glances at the ranconteur, who tried to remember another just to see that white-teeth smile again, hear her sexy laugh and watch the way her breasts quivered.

Oh, a *honey* — but...

But?

Yes. No touching, you see: a chat-up, if that's your scene but no stroking, no pawing, no body-contacts of any kind. Manchester was off limits, both of them and with however much respectfully delicate tenderness the back of a crooked finger was drawn down over the swell of a breast, all he got was a you-clumsy-oaf look that made him feel foolish, then comfort himself with the assurance that Elsie Brown was one of those women who prefer to sexually tease.

Wrong: Elsie Brown was simply rejecting, brushing aside what to her was proof of immaturity, of a wish to fiddle at foreplay:

ILLUSTRATION BY
TERRY PASTOR

continued from page 71

lines, or decided just to produce small numbers of exceptionally luxurious large-engined cars, the future for the company might have been different. But instead, they decided to try and do both. Furthermore, by 1961, the HK500 had grown to 6.3-litres, and had been renamed the Facel II. The Chyrsler engine was now developing 390 bhp, and with their Torqueflite three-speed automatic transmission, 130 mph could be attained with inaudible smoothness, and 60 mph still reached in under nine seconds. However with a weight close on to two tons, it was heavy going, especially with a manual gearbox. And taxation was now growing to such an extent that even the tastes of the most wealthy were beginning to change.

By 1962-63, demand for the larger cars was beginning to decrease dramatically and production began to slow down. Emphasis was placed instead on the Facellia, but even this was the victim of cost cutting exercises. Facel's own engine was proving difficult to develop and expensive to produce. So in 1963, the Facellia was given a Volvo four-cylinder 1800cc power pack. It only produced 108 bhp compared to the Facel Vega engine's 115, but it was thought to be more reliable, and above all, it was cheaper.

Rumours were already beginning to circulate about the small French firm's financial problems, and the downward spiral was beginning. In an attempt to boost customer confidence, in 1963 the Volvo-engined Facellia was re-christened the Facel III. It was hoped that the esteem in which their larger cars were held might rub off on it if it was seen as a arithmetical, it not logical, progression from the Facell II. But there were other problems too. Demand for the powerful Facel II was slipping, and hasty decisions had to be made. The firm had made its name with luxury cars, yet they were expensive to produce and increasingly difficult to sell. What should they do? They decided to hit on a compromise.

A new car somewhere between the Facell II and the Facel III was born. It was called the Facel 6 (all thoughts of any arithmetical progression seemed to have been forgotten again), and contained a BMC 2.8-litre 150 bhp engine like the one that was powering the Austin Healey 3000. But if compromise was the answer, it came too late. The end was drawing near, and only 46 Facel 6's were ever built, making it the rarest of the rare. Facel Vega was all over bar the shouting. In this case the voices were raised in a claim to be building a Le Mans car for 1964 24 hour race. But it was only a half-hearted cry, and money and time ran out with the car only three-quarters finished. In October 1964, all Facel production stopped.

With hindsight, it is possible to see where the French firm went wrong. They were unfortunate in coming up with a product — superb though it was — at a time when it was least profitable. Facel Vega had a choice. They could have either continued with small volume luxury car manufacture or produced larger numbers of smaller engined cars, like the Facellia, for the mass market. The former is always a tricky business, but firms like Bristol have proved that it can be done. The latter requires the sort of money and facilities Facel Vega never had. Instead of making a choice, they attempted both, and ambitious expansion proved their downfall. In the end, 1,200 Facellias were made, but few were remembered. What are recalled are the 'Fastest Four-Seaters in the World' — their luxury saloons and coupés. Perhaps they should have stayed with what they were best at. Esteem is far too valuable a product to abandon for profit.

ALCO
PLUMBING

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because for Miss Brown of the lovely exciting figure, and glowing glances, and sexy ambience, and the alluring bait of her thighs-crossed-longer-than-usual perfume, being touched, however fleetingly or caressingly gentle, was simply messing about, and she considered that any kind of tentative touching was evidence of the unsureness of the toucher — that it was sexual timorousness that dare not go beyond signalling that *I will if you will*. It was the *if you will* that burned Elsie: she dimissed such prissy overtures as the sexual posturing of a wimp.

Because lovely, naughtily sexy Miss Brown was atavistic: she was a Stone-Age throwback. She dreamed of being a Miss Cro-Magnon suddenly and deliciously waylaid in a sun-warmed glade by a Mr Cro-Magnon, and is instantly seized with clamorous sexual excitement by the sight of what was thrusting his sheep-skin aside at his groin — proof that he considered her a mountable morsel . . . there would be no 'sweetener', no enquiry along the lines of I-will-if-you-will, no bowing and scraping, or asking whether she had seen any good videos lately, no offer to press his lips against hers, for God's sake, no offer of a present (a vulture's claw, maybe? No vultures yet? A pterodactyl's then), no stroking one of her dangling dugs, or kissing it, the idiot (no Dolly Partons for countless generations yet).

No, none of that. Cautious, still quiveringly alert for signs of danger in her tooth-and-claw world, she snatches a glance of breath-held admiration for what Mr Cro-Magnon isn't hiding from her, sees its redly pulsing, glistening head, its rampant magnificence, before turning and pushing her behind at him (a backside a mite more hirsute than Mr Cro-Magnon's heirs would choose half-a-million years later — this is the 'rump presentation' of the anthropologists, imposed by natural selection: even screwing, the lady and gentleman had to position themselves so that the eyes of both could stay watchful for the sabre-toothed tiger or whatever: the missionary position was as far into the future as ladies with hairless bottoms).

. . . panting, pushing her rump towards him as she moans in Cro-Magnonese, *'Do it! DO IT!'* That was for Miss Elsie Brown.

Elsie Brown's boss was Mr Crowe. He was tallish, and dressed well, and wore waistcoats, but wimpish he wasn't: he liked to work without his jacket, with the cuffs of his shirt-sleeves turned back. He had a mane of black hair, and one of those blue chins: and a beaky nose and nice teeth.

So, handsome.

Handsome, and he smelled as if he had an apple in his pocket.

TAXIDERMIST
MORRIS

'I know what you're thinking.'

And hairy — thick black hair sprouted from the back of his fingers in tufts, matched by the hairiness of the back of his hand, and was so thick at his wrist that his gold watchstrap was half-hidden.

His pretty and desirable secretary had to watch herself not to be caught staring at Mr Crowe's hairy hands, because for Elsie, they were the hands of a Cro-Magnon Man.

— for Elsie had cats.

Cats in her belly.

And the man who never failed to activate them, to start them teasing, softly clawing inside her groin was her boss, Mr Crowe.

* * *

Mr Crowe, outright chief of the Chrome-Agnon Organisation was a man with a strong sexual appetite and no time to spare for it: so he made the occasional use of the services of a call-girl.

In his office.

Discreetly, via his private lift.

Mr Crowe thought no one knew.

Elsie Brown reckoned that the girl hadn't far to come (she knew about her, because on one occasion she had slipped down to the lobby and there she was, just leaving the lift: a snub-nosed girl with blonde hair, and a wide Irish mouth, and jeans so tight they looked painted on her shapely thighs, the inviting globes of her rump, her belly) because less than half an hour after his deep velvety voice had asked her to give him an outside line, 'Please, Miss Brown' (always *Miss Brown* after nearly two years, and always *Yes, Mr Crowe*), she would hear what she was listening for, the little hissing noise the gate of his lift made.

That soft sound was the signal for the cats to get out of hand, for the throbbing to become intolerable: it was when Elsie clicked the Yale on her door, and drew her skirt up over her hips, the cooler air increasing her excitement, then sat bare-bottom with her blouse open so that she could stroke a nipple — a lovely, shocking centrefold — for the telephone to vibrate with Mr Crowe's voice telling her *'No calls, Miss Brown',* and she knew that he was just starting to be busy with his doxy . . .

. . . now she crossed her legs high up, then glided her hand over her knee, and along the incredible smooth softness of her inner thigh to begin to slowly maul the warm wet lips . . . to begin to be the girl that Mr Crowe was screwing *her bottom at the edge of his desk and her dress round her hips like this? Or turned round and leaning across his desk with parted thighs, bared to him? Had he told her not to respond, to pretend not to notice that he was screwing her? Have her kneel on the floor as if she was looking for a pin while had had her? And, when he was finished, get up and shake her dress down wordless, without looking at him?*

In her fantasies Mr Crowe was trying to make her have an orgasm, and she was resisting: but she always failed, and always surrendered, gasping and ecstatic and grateful, as she slid her bottom forward, her legs wide as her fingers exquisitely, deliciously tortured her with images that it was her, not the callgirl . . . until the little pleasure-bombs, that were waiting to race along her spine, exploded in her brain, and she swooned into Nothingness.

One morning, after two years of flawless comportment towards his pretty, sexy, braless, pantieless, perfumed secretary, Mr Crowe did

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continued from page 84

what he had so rigorously denied himself: he slid a hand up her skirt.

Was it because Mr Crowe was feeling his oats? Past the time he should have been serviced by one of those girls? The way her breasts jiggled as she scribbled? Those parted knees? That scent of hadn't-time-for-a-bath-this-morning? (Mr Crowe had decided that it was straight patchouli, homeopathically applied).

Whatever the reason, what Mr Crowe did without pausing in his dictation was to lean forward and slide a hairy hand along Elsie's thigh under her skirt.

— and knew instantly, from her sudden stillness, that he had boobed.

For a fraction of a second they were frozen in a tableau: his hand resting on her bared thigh, and her head lowered to look at where her skirt was disarranged.

Mr Crowe withdrew his hand.

His secretary stood, and quietly placed her notebook carefully and neatly on his desk, then turned and walked out . . . seething with disappointment that her boss had shattered her Cro-Magnon image of him, and angry too that his hand had roused her cats, the *slob!* the *cowpat!* the *chump!* to be so — so — *thick!*

Harassment?

I'll harass him, the bastard . . .

Pausing only to pick up her handbag, and without a word to anyone, she left the building and crossed the street to the nearly-as-palatial offices of the I Sage Organisation, competitors of the Chrome-Agnon Corporation.

She secured an interview with Mr Icarus Sage and, confident and composed, she asked him for a job, and Mr Icarus, who had heard about this pretty wizard, snapped her up with no questions asked. Now, Mr Icarus thought, with this expert we've got someone who knows the questions to ask, and maybe that bloody computer will start to deliver the tricky stuff.

A week later Elsie Brown was dolefully telling herself that although the work was the same, Mr Icarus was no Mr Crowe, the *turd.*

But turd or no turd, Elsie's desire persisted, and right under Mr Icarus's wimpish nose his new clever, pretty and shapely secretary still daydreamed of being pounced on in the Cro-Magnon manner by her late boss . . . no breathly embracings, no kisses-that-miss, no sexy hints, no try-out fumblings (the male staff soon got the message) and, as soon as the coast was clear and the door of her office locked, she let her fingers show her what could be done to make it more real, as she gently savaged the gooey lips until she was blown ecstatically away — while, had she but known it, Mr Crowe of the Chrome-Agnon Corporation was pitting his commercial nous (and cash) against Mr Icarus of the I Sage Organisation, to the end that his company acquired Mr Icarus' company lock, stock and barrel (and Miss Elsie Brown with her gorgeous big breasts, her sexy legs, that faint between-her-thighs perfume . . .)

Thinking about her, remembering her breasts, how the nipples showed, the soft soft skin of her thigh . . .

Mr Crowe found that thinking about his ex-secretary seemed to concentrate his body's weight where his privates were.

Everything about the take-over negotiations was kept under wraps, even from Mr Icarus' secretary — in fact, especially from Mr Icarus' secretary: but inevitably, one or two mysterious memos, more talking than usual with accountants and lawyers, but little or no computer work — Elsie came to realise enough to make a guess . . . and glowed with intense sexual excitement, because her woman's intuition told her that she, Elsie Brown, was what her late boss was really after.

And strangely, as the weeks passed, Elsie found that her sexual fantasising of a delicious Neolithic idyll began to fade in favour of recalling again and again those instants when Mr Crowe had slid his lovely exciting hairy hand along her bare thigh under her skirt . . . supposing she hadn't stopped him, what would he have done next . . .?

Before, Mr Crowe secretly having a call-girl in his private office had made Elsie Brown's sexual fantasies about him more vivid, but now, as the days became weeks, she was surprised to find that she didn't want the telephone to coldly ask for an outside line *Please Miss Brown*, then to be told *No calls, Miss Brown*. So now, when she'd checked her door and drawn her dress up, it wasn't to pretend that she was the call-girl he was having, it was to daydream what would happen if she hadn't stopped Mr Crowe's hand when he slid it up her dress . . . she always slowed down, kept back the part of her fantasy where it was his big thick hair-backed fingers that were doing what hers were doing, because that way she could make the lovely little bombs take longer to rise along her spine, and explode so annihilatingly in her mind.

But Elsie knew that her finger-pleasure was just, well, finger-pleasure: the cats in her belly didn't want to know about being tranquillised by her fingers. And Elsie agreed: it had to be Mr Crowe.

Always polite and rather reserved, Mr Crowe continued to be so after the hiccup in their boss-secretary relationship: it was as if it had never happened, that he had never, during an instant's aberration, slid that powerful hairy-backed hand along her thigh. He still preferred to dictate, rather than tape, secret stuff, and still swung round to her, his thick thighs parted and obviously innocent of the bulge his packet made. Or of his secretary's glances there.

All of which demonstrated the control that Mr Crowe exercised over his intense and consuming desire to have Elsie Brown: but on Mr Crowe's terms; to risk a second rebuff not on.

And so (without meaning to: Mr Crowe was a nice man and he didn't think of it this way) he wore her down, made her limp with unassuaged desire, exhausted from fighting her cats . . .

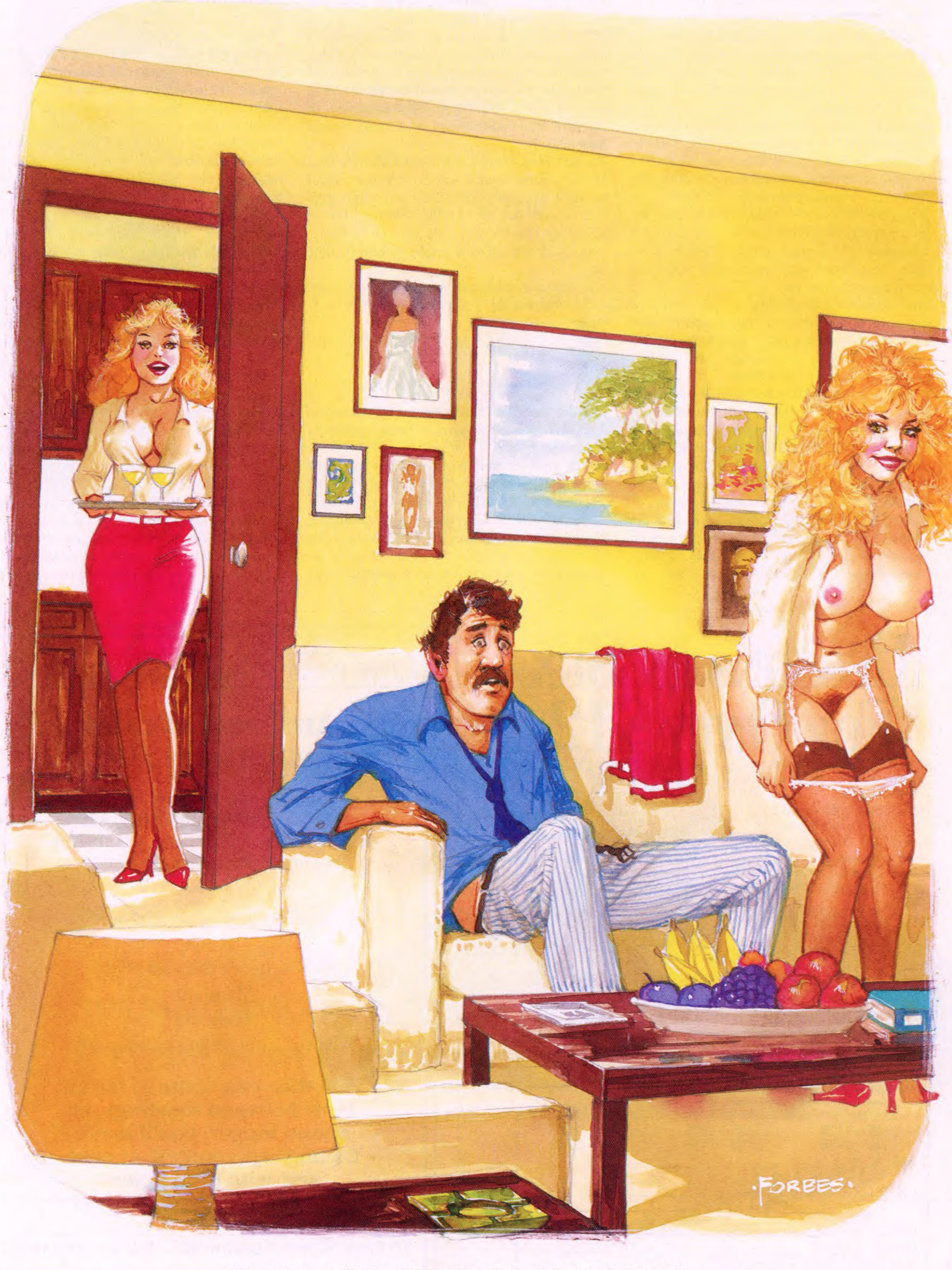
. . . until Elsie Brown *made* it happen.

She was aware that Mr Crowe never failed to look at her breasts, that the more knee she exposed the more lingering his glance. *But he didn't know that she never wore panties.*

So she slipped into a boutique and bought panties — black lace, that you could have packed into a matchbox; then her eye was caught by a bolero jacket in black suede, that she tried on and found it was respectable, so long as the bottom button was fastened.

In the morning when Mr Crowe buzzed, Elsie walked in and let the sexy black lace drop onto his desk, then turned to him as he sat and slowly undid the last button of the jacket, so that her magnificent breasts were offered . . . But by then Mr Crowe was standing, reaching for her with Cro-Magnon hands . . .

'I think you're being a little over confident this time, Mountjoy!'



'Oh, by the way, Charles, did I mention that my twin sister is in town?'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Dressed up for the Lord Mayor's Show,
An East end lady named Flo
Wandered into a tunnel,
Was picked up by Beau Brummel,
Then rogered in Bromley — by Beau.

A pompous would-be MP approached a prostitute during the run-up to the election. Smiling insincerely he asked her which way she would be voting.
'You must be joking,' she replied. 'I never vote.'
The MP was horrified.
'You never vote!' he exclaimed. 'Why, young lady, you are throwing away your democratic birthright.'
The prositute smiled.
'Look, love, I've spent my whole life not caring who gets in and screws me, why should I bother now?'

Great Quotes of Our Time:
The following is attributed to film producer, Mel Brooks:-
'There's a sexual revolution going on out there. The trouble is that with our current foreign policy we'll probably send troops in to break it up.'

Two babies in prams parked outside a supermarket were discussing in their own language the problems of being young.
'It's awful,' said the first. 'All my mother ever feeds me is milk from a bottle. It's horrible.'
'You think that's bad,' replied the other. 'My mother's breast feeding me, and that's disgusting.'
'But I was always told mother's milk tasted better,' commented the first.
'Not when you share it with a father who smokes St Bruno.'

A man rushed into the toilet, pulled out a giant member, and began to pee.
'Phew,' he said to the man next to him 'I only just made it.'
The second man stared at the enormous tool with envy.
'In that case,' he replied, 'can you make me one too?'

A young woman sat recalling her ex-lover, and deciding what she would do next. He had been a complete bastard who spurned her advances, hit her when he was drunk, and left stealing all her jewellery. After some thought, the woman decided that she would find a new man in her life by placing an advertisement in the local paper. A week later it appeared.
'Wanted,' it read, 'a good-looking man who won't beat me, steal from me, and is a terrific lover.' A few days later she received a phone call from a pleasant sounding man who said he'd turn up that afternoon.
At 2pm, the doorbell rang, and the woman excitedly answered it. When she opened the door, though, she was a little surprised. In front of her was a man in a wheelchair with both arms and both legs in plaster.
'Hello, I'm Geoffrey, I've come about your advertisement.'
'B-b-but both your arms are in plaster,' she said.
'So, how can I beat you when my arms are in plaster?' he replied.
'True, but your legs . . .'
'How can I run off with your possessions when my legs are in plaster?'
'Good point, but are you a good lover?' she asked.
'Well', he replied. 'how do you think I rang the doorbell?'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

The latest card game to be played in the gay clubs around London is called Pooves Poker. The rules are the same as ordinary poker except all the queens are wild and straights don't count.

***Mayfair's* Trivial Salutes:**
This month we salute Greek tycoon, Aristotle Onassis, for his eccentric taste in furnishing. The bar in one of his ships was, it's claimed, filled with barstools upholstered in hide made from the foreskins of whales. Ari delighted, we're told, in letting ladies perch on top of them, then telling them that they were sitting on 'the biggest prick in the world.'

Bert Bradstock was the company's top salesman — nobody could sell Toothiwipe toothbrushes door-to-door better than he. In fact, he was fast approaching selling his 500,000th brush. To celebrate his success, Toothiwipe decided to hold a party in his honour.
At the party the Managing Director himself made a speech praising Bradstock's technique, and asked him how he managed to sell so many toothbrushes.
'It's simple,' replied Bert. 'I pick a door, ring the bell and when it opens I smile pleasantly. "Good morning," I say, "would you like to try our new chocolate bar?" The customer takes a bite. "Uggghhh," he splutters, "that tastes like dog dirt." I smile again. "It is,' I reply. "Now, perhaps I could interest you in one of our new toothbrushes." '

Stories have flooded in about a man who can claim to be the all-time loser. Ignored by girls throughout his life, he decided to become a flasher. On his first attempt, he was arrested and charged with indecent exposure. And if that wasn't bad enough, his case was heard in the small claims court.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Eighteen

A woman's unspoken fear of appearing inadequate in a sexual situation can often be crucial at the start of a new relationship. This month Quest looks at a far from uncommon phenomenon

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

BEAUTY CONSULTANT, 29 years old, blonde, town of origin Nottingham

This interviewee has worked variously as an air stewardess and ski villa hostess. She co-owns a beauty salon, and is engaged.

Quest: To be frank, I'm surprised a girl as attractive as you ever had fears about attracting the opposite sex.

Consultant: Any girl can attract men. It's keeping them that's the trick.

Quest: Why did you feel you couldn't?

Consultant: Lack of confidence, a feeling of inadequacy, of not being very interesting — as a person, I mean. Not so much now — the business, and my fiance, have made a tremendous difference. But I did have problems. I think if you look good, it's terribly easy to think that's all that matters. Some gorgeous man will come along and solve all your problems. Actually he usually makes them worse!

Quest: When did you first realise this?

Consultant: With my first serious boyfriend when I was nineteen. His name was Brian. He was the prize catch in our area. Very good-looking, well-off, too. His father owned a couple of local businesses. I suppose I was his local equivalent. I knew I didn't have any real competition locally, so it was only a matter of time before Brian asked me out.

Quest: How soon did you sleep with him?

Consultant: I'd made up my mind I would even before I went out with him — I'd only petted with boyfriends before then. I stayed overnight at Brian's house one weekend his parents were away. We did it until we ran out of Durex! It was incredible. Afterwards I thought Brian and I would go on making love forever.

Quest: But you didn't?

Consultant: He was seduced away by one of my best girlfriends, a girl called Stephanie. She wasn't even especially pretty. She just had boobs about twice the size of mine. The whole thing was quite a shock to someone who thought she was perfect.

Quest: How did this seduction happen?

Consultant: She had sex with him at a party we were at. They were both quite drunk, but they still did it.

Quest: What did they do?

Consultant: They had oral sex, and Stephanie masturbated him — between her breasts.

Quest: You're sure about this?

Consultant: I *saw* them! The party was at Brian's. His parents had a huge garden with a summerhouse at the end. I'd been having a marvellous time, when I realised I hadn't seen Brian for ages, and neither had anyone else. So I went looking for him. I ended up in the garden, which was dark and seemed to be empty. Then I heard Stephanie whispering in the summerhouse. She was saying, 'Go on, feel them, it's alright. That's what they're for.' Then she giggled and there was this sort of incredulous male sigh. I know I was being a Peeping Tom but I had to find out if she was doing what I thought she was.

Quest: Which was?

Consultant: Massaging a man between her boobs. She'd told me once she'd let a boyfriend finish that way. And I'd told Brian. I didn't even realise he fancied her, and certainly not vice versa, or I wouldn't have said a word.

Quest: Go on.

Consultant: I crept up to the side of the summerhouse, and I could see Stephanie kneeling in the far corner, with her back to me — a bare back. The top of her party dress was pulled down to her waist. Her boyfriend was sitting on a bench in front of her, hidden in the shadows. Stephanie's head began to move up and down, and there was a sort of soft, liquid sound and another sigh from the boy. I felt myself go ice cold inside. Brian had been trying to get me to have oral sex, but I hadn't been sure about it. I suppose it was a kind of morbid curiosity that kept me there, especially when Stephanie suddenly said, 'Nice?' sounding very pleased with herself. Then the boy gave this strangled gasp and seemed to twitch. Stephanie snapped, 'Here — do it here — ' and bent forward, obviously pushing her boobs together around the boy's penis. He groaned, she sighed. Then I heard her chuckle again and say, 'God, you're doing so much — you're going *everywhere* — ! Do you do that much with Jilly (name changed)?' And I knew it was Brian.

Quest: Did you confront them?

Consultant: I was shattered. It didn't make any sense to me. Then I started crying, and Brian came out, and I threw the most enormous wobbly. I was shrieking at him, demanding how he could do *that* with Stephanie. He just said, 'Well, *you* didn't want to, what am I supposed to do?' That was the end as far as I was concerned. But the final blow came a couple of weeks later, when Brian and Stephie started going out together. Some 'friend' let me know Brian had said, 'Oh Jilly looks gorgeous, but it's nice to have a girlfriend you can talk to.'

Quest: How did you react to that?

Consultant: I felt completely shallow and useless. I didn't go out with anyone for months. Finally I realised I had to pull myself together. I got a job as a ski villa hostess in France, which got me away from home, and was glamorous enough to buck me up. I decided to have as good a time as possible, and I did.

Quest: Do you mean sexually?

Consultant: I had quite a lot of affairs. I thought if men only saw me as some kind of mindless sex-bomb, then at least I'd be the sexiest one they ever saw!

Quest: Did none of these relationships look like becoming permanent?

Consultant: I never seemed to attract the solid type. To be honest, I didn't find *them* that attractive, until I met my fiance. Not that he's particularly solid.

Quest: But you still decided to settle down?

Consultant: I always knew deep down I'd have to one day, but it was one incident that made the decision for me.

Quest: What happened?

Consultant: I was twenty six by then, and stewing. I met two Kiwis on a flight. They were about my age — very lively and funny, extremely good-looking. I thought they were actors or models, but they told me they were rugby players. I assume they made that up. We were flying to Rome, and they asked me to join them for a drink that evening. I was stopping over. I didn't have anything else to do, so I met them with another stewardess. We had this incredibly wild night — so many clubs and bars. The boys drank like fishes. By the time we got back to this flat where they were staying my girlfriend and I were convinced they'd be useless for anything else.

> I was so frightened of seeming dull I let my lover's best friend have me in the same bed

Quest: But they weren't?

Consultant: Mine certainly wasn't! There was only one bedroom, so we tossed for it, and won. All I can remember about my fellow is that he was dark, and had the most incredible body. It was so beautiful he almost didn't need to do anything — just as well as it turned out!

Quest: Wasn't he a good lover?

Consultant: He didn't have much finesse, just an awful lot of energy! We must have done it three times, and I'm sure he came each time. In between he kept telling me I was the sexiest girl he'd ever had, which wasn't bad from a guy who looked like he did. It was light by the time we fell asleep. The next thing I knew his friend was stumbling in — stark naked — complaining about the hard floor, and asking my guy what sort of time he'd had!

Quest: What did he say?

Consultant: Fantastic. I was curled up against him, nothing on, with the sheet only up to my waist. I remember thinking, if *he* thinks nothing of wandering about with his *thing* dangling in full view of female guests, *I* wasn't going to cover up. I was still half asleep anyway. Then they began this extraordinary conversation about what my guy and I had got up to last night. It was so outrageous I thought they were joking, until my fellow suddenly yanked the sheet off me, and said, 'When did you last see a body as sexy as that? Doesn't that arse make you want to *weep?'*

Quest: How did you react to that?

Consultant: I made a half-hearted attempt to pull the sheet back. The other fellow just gaped at me, and murmured, 'You picked the long straw, you jammy bastard. Christ, I could do that a mischief.' To my horror my fellow said, quite cheerily, 'Hop aboard then. Jilly'll go another round, won't you, love?' I couldn't believe it.

Quest: He invited his friend to have sex with you?

Consultant: If I'd been properly awake I'd have exploded. Instead, as I opened my mouth to protest, my guy said, 'Oh come on, Jilly. Ted and I go back ages. I couldn't let a gorgeous lady like you go by without letting my best mate have a crack. It just wouldn't be fair.' I think it was sheer astonishment that stopped me running out. Then he bent his head, and kissed me. His hands slipped down onto my breasts, and began to stroke them.

Quest: How were you lying?

Consultant: Draped across his chest — it must have been at a slight angle, because his hands came up onto my boobs.

Quest: Did you respond to that?

Consultant: I couldn't help myself. I love it first thing in the morning anyway, and I was still ultra-sensitive from the previous night. It was just my mind that didn't want it. But that didn't stop my nipples perking up, especially when he lifted me, so that he could lick them and suck them. In between he was murmuring, 'Come on, Jilly — he's a great guy — he's got a great touch — and a bigger cock than me.' I even started to laugh! By now I was more or less lying on top of him, when I suddenly felt this hand caressing my back and my behind, slowly moving down into the crevice of my bottom. Very light, very gentle. In fact it felt gorgeous, and I was convinced it was my fellow, and the whole thing had been some kind of joke. Then the hand began to tease my anus, which always gets to me, and then further down onto my pussy lips. And it began stroking me there — up as far as my clitoris — and my legs just slipped apart, and my head was swimming. The feelings were just so unbelievable. I could hear myself gasping. Then, right at the peak of it, my guy suddenly said, 'Didn't I tell you he had a great touch? Righto, Ted, mate — she's all yours.' Before I knew what was happening, I felt someone gripping my hips from behind, rough male thighs bumping against mine, and this solid, scalding *thing* bumping against my pussy lips, and just slipping into me. And suddenly this guy — the *other* guy — was having me. As he sank into my pussy I glimpsed my fellow grinning at me. 'Told you you'd love it, Jilly,' he said. And he wriggled away from under me, while his friend went on humping me from behind!

Quest: Did you enjoy it?

Consultant: He made me come, before he shot off, which was the worst part of it.
Quest: Why?
Consultant: Because I'd always had some kind of relationship with everyone I'd slept with — even just one romantic evening. This man hadn't even kissed me! But he and his friend obviously thought it was perfectly OK to have me, just because I seemed sexy. I'm not blaming them. That *was* the way I'd acted. But I suddenly thought, what am I doing? I'm so terrified men'll think I'm boring or shallow I'm letting a stranger do it to me just because he fancied a screw on a decent bed! If I was an idiot, then at least I didn't have to be a tramp as well. And it worked. I gave up stewing, I took up beauty work, and the man I first worked for — and showed I could be as bright as anyone else — proposed to me. But only after he'd offered me a business partnership!
Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

JOINER, 34 years old, town of origin Cardiff

This — male — interviewee took an apprenticeship after leaving school and now owns a small woodworking firm. He is married with two young children.

Quest: I hear you have a unique theory of seduction.
Joiner: I don't know if it's unique. I just know it's worked for me. It's very simple. Just two points. First, *every* woman is seducable — *no* exceptions. And second, every woman has a weak point, a point of entry — and that weak point is her secret fear.
Quest: Fear of what?
Joiner: Fear that she isn't sexy enough, that her husband'll walk off with someone else, that she's past it — women have this amazing capacity to find things to worry about, especially where sex is concerned. Once you find that, you're in.
Quest: Does your job help this sexual research?
Joiner: It did, because I did mainly domestic work. I'm pretty much a good boy now. But I used to reckon that if I didn't get one good hump a month out of work, then I was slacking. That's not big-headed. They weren't all sex goddesses. Nothing like. I remember mates saying I was mad going after some of the women I had. Women they wouldn't look at twice. What they didn't realise was, I like women, and I like sex even more. When you're on top of a woman, and she's begging you to let fly, any woman is sexy.
Quest: Can you give an example of your technique?
Joiner: Well, the oldest one in the world is the jealousy ploy. You know, convincing her that you're giving it to some other woman she doesn't think much of, so she's missing out. Then she wants to know why, what's wrong with her, and you're on your way. I was using that one to get sucked off at school. It was *still* working for me three or four years ago.
Quest: How exactly?
Joiner: With this housewife, where I spent a couple of weeks building wardrobes and renewing window frames. She was about thirty-four slim, dark, good legs — she'd obviously been quite tasty a few years back. Since then there'd been a couple of kids, but they'd just started school. Hubby was working his balls off, dropping off to sleep in the armchair every night. Basically she was bored out of her mind. She was obviously pleased when I flirted with her. But she was a good Chapel girl — she might *dream* of letting her hair down, but nothing more.
Quest: But she did?
Joiner: I was doing jobs in three or four houses in the same street — I'd often get referred on like that — and the woman two doors down was the local vamp. Must have been nearly forty, always thickly made-up. Always making double-edged remarks. I knew for a fact a couple of male friends were slipping her a length in the afternoons. I just didn't fancy joining the queue. But my woman got the idea I had — and I could see it niggled her. So I let her go on thinking it. We kept having these conversations she'd start with, 'I don't know what men see in a woman like that.' I'd be non-committal, hint that a man couldn't help his physical needs, even if he couldn't have the woman he really wanted. Then one day she told me this story of how a man she'd fancied like mad for ages finally made a pass at her the day before she got married. She turned him down, but even though she knew she'd done right, she'd regretted it ever since. I knew I'd cracked it then.

> She'd send her kids out when she wanted sex, even though her hubby was due home any minute

Quest: Who made the first move?
Joiner: She did, actually. These things always seem to happen in the worst places. I had the window out in the lavatory, standing on the pedestal. She brought me some tea, and I asked her to hand me up a screwdriver. As I bent down to get it, she was suddenly kissing me. In full bloody view of the back garden! Not that that stopped me giving as much as I got. She was shaking when we finished, saying she didn't know what had come over her. But she'd made up her mind. We went into the main bedroom, and she was still saying how faithful she'd always been while she was pulling the curtains! She even had a last twitch of conscience as we got undressed — I always insist on a full strip, even if we get under a blanket afterwards, and I'm always *very* complimentary. She said, 'I suppose you wouldn't be happy just cuddling?'
Quest: Would you have been?
Joiner: I know *she* wouldn't! I told her she had nothing to worry about, and I laid her down on the bed, and we fucked.
Quest: Successfully?
Joiner: *I* enjoyed it! It wasn't anything elaborate — just some titty fondling, because she obviously like that. A pussy stroking to see if she was ready for it — some women are very touchy about their privates, and I didn't want to push things. Then I got on top, and slipped my cock in.
Quest: Did she climax?
Joiner: She got worked up, and there was a bit of weeping afterwards. But I never expect too much on a first time. The important thing is to *do* it. After that everything changes.
Quest: Did it?
Joiner: She said, 'Oh God, I wanted to do this so much, — I'm shameless.' She was too!
Quest: In what way?
Joiner: I'd got her into bed by playing on her fears of missing out in sex. Now she started doing it to herself. She'd say 'Well if I don't do this with you, you'll only go down the road and get it off that dirty cow, won't you?' The crazy thing was *she* was the one with all the rude ideas!
Quest: What sort of ideas?
Joiner: Doing it from behind, or with her on top — I got the feeling hubby had never got out of the missionary position. In fact I don't think they'd ever really got it together in bed. There didn't seem to have been too many other men before him either. She'd come out with things like, 'I suppose that woman put you in her mouth, didn't she? I think that's disgusting. It's what you'd expect from a tart like that. But I expect you liked it, didn't you?' All she wanted to do was try it herself, but she had to psych herself up to it. She was cock-mad. And I don't think it was because I'm massively endowed or anything. I just think she'd never been in a position where she could look at a man properly, feel him, explore him. Seeing hubby, I wasn't surprised.
Quest: You met him?
Joiner: I'd turn up at eight when he was just leaving for work. A cold, prissy sort of fellow. He never had much to say to me. Then as soon as she was back from taking the kids to school, we'd go straight to bed, and fuck for a couple of hours. Longer, sometimes. The job went to pot. But it didn't end there. I'd be working, and she'd bring me tea, and slide up against me, and just start rubbing my fly. If I didn't stop her, she'd unzip me, slip her hand inside, and begin stroking my cock. The first time she licked me we were on the upstairs landing, and I ended up fucking her from behind over the handrail. The first time I came in her mouth I was sitting at the kitchen table, supposedly having a tea break!
Quest: Was that an accident?
Joiner: Oh no. That was her idea, too. We were both having tea, and she started grinning at me. I got to know that grin well! Next thing I knew she as kneeling in front of me, still chatting away, and very carefully opened my fly, pushed down my pants, lifted out my cock and began gently wanking it. As soon as I was on the up and up, she licked her lips, bent and ran the tip of her tongue around the edge of my knob. She certainly picked things up easily! In a minute I was sliding in and out of her mouth, groaning fit

to burst, and trying to tap her on the shoulder, because I knew I was about to let fly. She just shook her head, looked up at me with these big shiny eyes. 'Don't worry,' she said. 'I want to find out what you taste like. Just do it.' — So I did, and she nearly had a choking fit. Then she decided she quite liked it!

Quest: Wasn't all this very risky?

Joiner: I think that actually turned her on. I nearly had kittens a dozen times, especially towards the end when she was getting me to stay longer and longer to get the job finished — which I certainly needed to do! But she'd send the kids off to their pals, or their grandma, and she'd want to have a quickie. This was half an hour before her old man was due. I think what she really wanted was him to walk in, and find us at it.

Quest: Were you discovered?

Joiner: I came within *that* much — literally came, too. We were up on the landing, and she wanted to do it there. It was gone six o'clock, and I wouldn't. So it turned into a long, passionate tussle. I ended up on my knees with my girlfriend curled over my lap, sucking me off, while my hand was up her skirt, fingering her under her knickers. We were both pretty far gone. And the front door went. I nearly leapt out of my skin — And she wouldn't stop! Her hubby called out, and walked straight down the hallway into the kitchen. If he'd actually looked up the stairs instead of shouting, he'd have seen everything. But my crazy woman simply tightened her grip on me, and went on sucking, until her old man was literally on the bottom tread of the stairs. I just went off like a fire cracker in her mouth — and flung myself into the lavatory, pants and jeans round my ankles, and slammed the door. Outside I heard him say, 'Are you alright, love? Did you fall over?' I could hear her mumbling about catching her heel in the carpet. That was my signal for a swift departure. I didn't fancy ending up in a divorce court.

Quest: So using female psychology can have its drawbacks?

Joiner: Doesn't everything in this life? But it still did me more good than harm.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

OFFICE MANAGER, 26 years old, brunette, town of origin Lincoln

This interviewee took business studies before moving to London. She works for a large City concern and shares a flat.

Quest: Why do you call yourself a 'reformed prickteaser'?

Manager: Because it's true. I didn't make love properly — I mean have intercourse — at all between the ages of nineteen and twenty five. I went to bed with boyfriends, but I wouldn't let them penetrate me. In the end I think it turned me on as much seeing how frustrated I could get them as actually doing it. I shudder to think what I'd have been like if I hadn't met Danny, my fiance.

Quest: Why didn't you want to have intercourse?

Manager: Because I was afraid to.

Quest: For fear of what? Pregnancy?

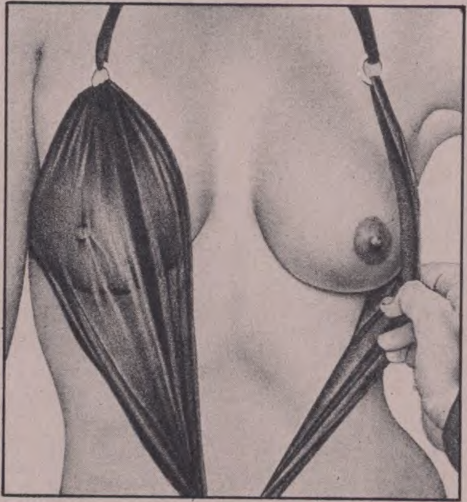
Manager: No. I was just terrified by the idea of penetration. I didn't want any man to put his penis into me.

Quest: Was there any physical problem?

Manager: I did see a doctor once, and she told me I was fine. It was purely psychological. I think there were all sorts of reasons. My parents were very anti-sex. My mother obviously just 'put up with it,' for my father's sake — poor old Dad! They both seemed convinced I'd drop my drawers for the first boy who asked. Which of course I did! Not quite the first boy, actually. But it was the local Romeo. I was eighteen and I thought I was in love with him. I don't think he realised I was a virgin. We did it in the back of his car — very romantic! He was the first boy I let touch my breasts. He felt under my sweater and unclipped my bra with one hand — I remember thinking he must be incredibly experienced!

Quest: Did you like having your breasts touched?

Manager: I loved it! I was floating on air. My nipples were so hard they ached. He was stroking them beautifully, and we seemed to sink back across the seat, kissing very passionately. Then I felt his hand in my knickers.



> 'I remember having this very erotic dream, then waking to find Danny's head between my legs'

Quest: Did you object?

Manager: I knew I should — I hadn't decided to have full sex with him. I just wanted everything to be as romantic as possible, and sort of drift away in a beautiful cloud. Very stupid. I wasn't on the pill or anything, and he didn't take any precautions. But he seemed so excited by me, I just trusted that feeling.

Quest: He attempted intercourse with you?

Manager: He slid my pants right off, and I thought he wanted to touch me there, too. That was mind-boggling enough for me. I was very shy then about my private parts. But, instead of touching, he started scrambling on top of me, pushing my knees apart with his. Then he clutched my hand and pulled it down onto his penis. It was dark, and I didn't even realise what it was. There was just something hot and hard and throbbing against my fingers. My boyfriend asked me if I liked it. Then, of course, I knew I was holding his erection, and I began to realise how big it must be. So I told him I didn't realise he was going to be that big. That went down very well! Then he said, 'I'll let you put it in, then.'

Quest: He wanted you to guide his penis into your vagina?

Manager: It was obviously something that especially turned him on. But I froze up. I wanted lovemaking just to happen in some mysterious ecstatic way — the boy could take care of the sordid details! The thought of feeding this great *thing* into myself horrified me.

Quest: Did you refuse intercourse then?

Manager: My boyfriend obviously thought I'd been stunned into silence by the magnificence of his cock. So he took his penis out of my hand, and launched himself on me.

Quest: Was the intercourse successful?

Manager: Not really! I was nearly dry by then, and being the first time didn't help. It was quite painful. In the end my boyfriend started coming before he was properly in. So it was a disaster all round. But what made it worse was that he lost his temper. He started calling me frigid and a pricktease and — worse. It was awful — everything my mother had warned me about sex. Afterwards I never wanted that sort of experience again.

Quest: But you still had boyfriends?

Manager: Oh yes. I never stopped being attracted to men physically. I just thought I was naturally frigid when it came to the crunch.

Quest: Didn't any boyfriends try to convince you otherwise?

Manager: Yes, all of them! I told them I was old-fashioned, and I wanted to be a virgin when I got married. But there are ways of making sure a man enjoys himself without going all the way.

Quest: Like?

Manager: I'm sure you *know*! Touching, licking, using your mouth instead. A lot of men like being teased, actually.

Quest: When did you realise your teasing was getting out of hand?

Manager: It was on holiday in Greece, actually. I'd just broken up with someone, and I had this idea that if I went somewhere warm and sunny and romantic, where nobody knew me, and had lots to drink some local Greek god would turn me on so much it would all happen.

Quest: Did it?

Manager: Not quite! It was the usual trouble. There were plenty of Greek gods, but the ones I liked liked other girls, and the ones who liked me reminded me of my first boyfriend! I ended up having this weird relationship with a fellow who reminded me of myself.

Quest: He was frigid too?

Manager: Practically! He wasn't bad-looking, just very shy, but obviously desperate to get a girlfriend. I don't think he ever gone to bed with a girl. I didn't offer! I just found him easy to talk to, and I started giving him advice on how to chat to girls. It was almost brother-sisterly. I didn't actually fancy him that much. But he was so pent up sexually I found myself responding to that.

Quest: You teased him?

Manager: I didn't *plan* to. It just happened. Like the first time I went topless on the beach, Stephen was with me. I wanted to see if it would embarrass him, which it did. But it also gave him an erection. He rolled onto his tummy straightaway. I didn't say anything, but I did think it was interesting! Things got much worse after that.

Quest: In what way?

Manager: We started talking more intimately, or Stephen did. It reached a climax — literally! — the last couple of days of the holiday. We had a very boozy lunch at the hotel. Afterwards we were taking some wine to an empty villa down the beach. It belonged to a Greek family, but they hadn't arrived yet, so Stephen and I, and two other couples, commandeered it — or at least the patio by the water. It was very secluded. But that afternoon the others decided to go shopping, so Stephen and I went on our own.

Quest: Did he make a pass at you?

Manager: Stephen? Oh it wasn't in him, which I knew, of course. Otherwise I wouldn't have dared asked him what he did for sexual relief when he didn't have a girlfriend.

Quest: What did he say?

Manager: He said he excited himself by looking at pictures of girls in magazines — and sometimes real girls too. At work there'd been a typist he fancied who had an office in the next building. He used to watch her, and unzip his trousers and play with himself under his desk. Then one day one of the officer juniors walked in and surprised him! He thought he'd have to resign, but apparently the girl kept plaguing him after that, obviously wanting to be asked out! He'd been terrified she wanted to blackmail him. He was really in quite a bad way.

Quest: Was that the extent of your teasing?

Manager: No. While we were talking we were sunbathing, and I took my bikini top off. Then I asked him if he minded if I tried to get an all-over tan, since we were hidden by the patio wall.

Quest: You sunbathed in the nude?

Manager: I took my pants off, yes, though I was still lying on my tummy.

Quest: How did Stephen react?

Manager: With a ginormous erection! Which he tried to hide. I told him not to be silly, no one could see us, he might as well take his trunks off.

Quest: Did he?

Manager: Yes.

Quest: And you still refused to make love to him?

Manager: Yes! He tried to lie on his stomach, but he was obviously uncomfortable. So I said that if he wanted to relieve himself I wouldn't mind. Then he got up on his knees, and I rolled over to see him, and he did it.

Quest: He masturbated in front of you?

Manager: I told you it was a weird relationship! He had a strange penis too — very thick at the bottom and sharp at the top — very large, I could see why his office junior was so impressed! I'm sure it was a kind of realised fantasy for him. I just remember being curious, because I'd never seen a man do that before. Then suddenly he was groaning, 'Oh Suzy!' (name changed) and he spurted. That's when I realised how *obscene* the whole thing was, and how turned on I was! I just freaked out. I thought I'd gone mad.

Quest: And Danny rescued you from yourself?

Manager: It wasn't too hard. He was part of one of the other couples — the nicest as well as the most fanciable man — though we didn't get together until we met by accident back home. He worked quite near me. But it was a couple of months before I went to bed with him. I think I liked him so much I didn't want to let my stupid feelings about sex ruin it.

Quest: But they didn't?

Manager: I gave him my usual story, and I wanted to give him oral sex. But he only wanted the real thing, so I told him the truth. We agreed to just kiss and cuddle, and we went to sleep like that. And in the morning he did it to me.

Quest: What was the secret of his success?

Manager: He went down on me before I was awake. I remember starting the most incredibly erotic dream, and then gradually realising I was awake. Danny's head was between my legs, and he was doing unbelievable things to me. Things that seemed to blow my head off. All I've been able to work out since is that he must have been teasing my clitoris with his tongue, stroking my lips with one finger, sliding another one in and out of me, and teasing my bottom with a third! I couldn't understand how one man could touch me in so many places at once — and so well!

Quest: Did you climax?

Manager: I got to the point when I was practically at screaming point, and that was when Danny pulled himself on top of me. I couldn't see why he'd stopped. He just grinned, and said, 'There's no room for fingers any more.'

Quest: He'd penetrated you?

Manager: I hadn't even realised, I was so wet and loose and worked up! I had to reach down and feel the tip of him in me. Then it finally dawned on me I'd actually done it. I can't describe the relief, the sheer excitement. He says I shrieked at him, 'Fuck me — fuck me for ever!' He's been doing his best ever since!

Quest: No more worries about penetration?

Manager: Not after that. But it shows how one stupid incident can cause lasting damage.

Quest: Thank you.

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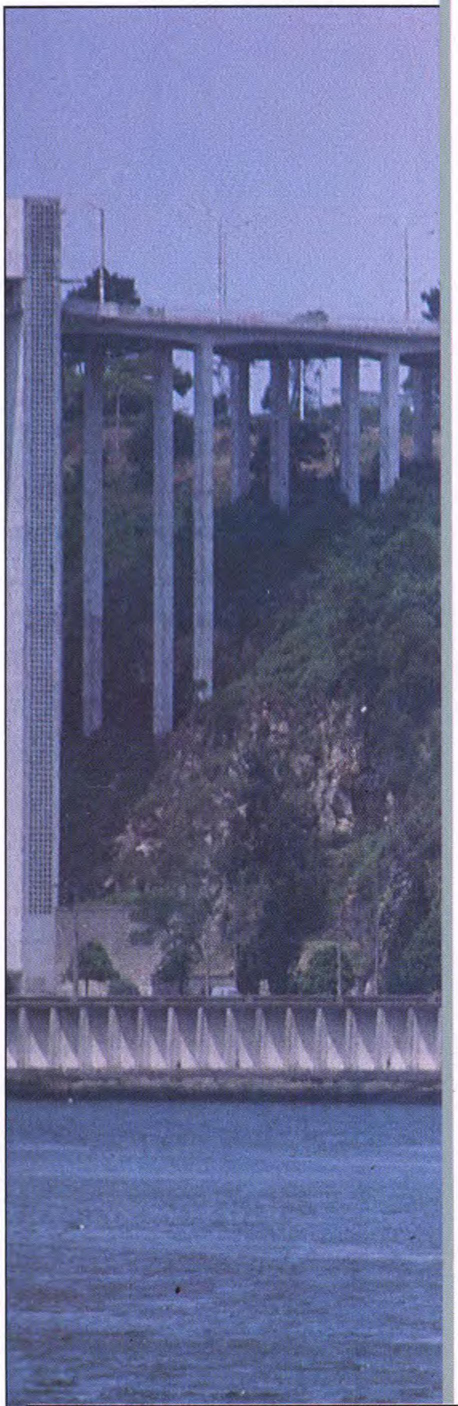
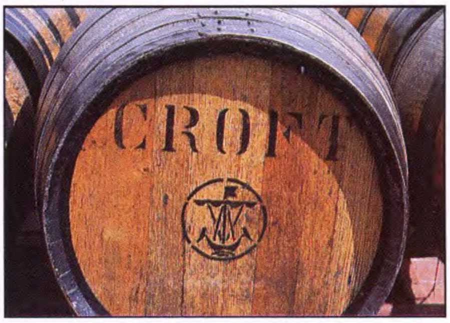


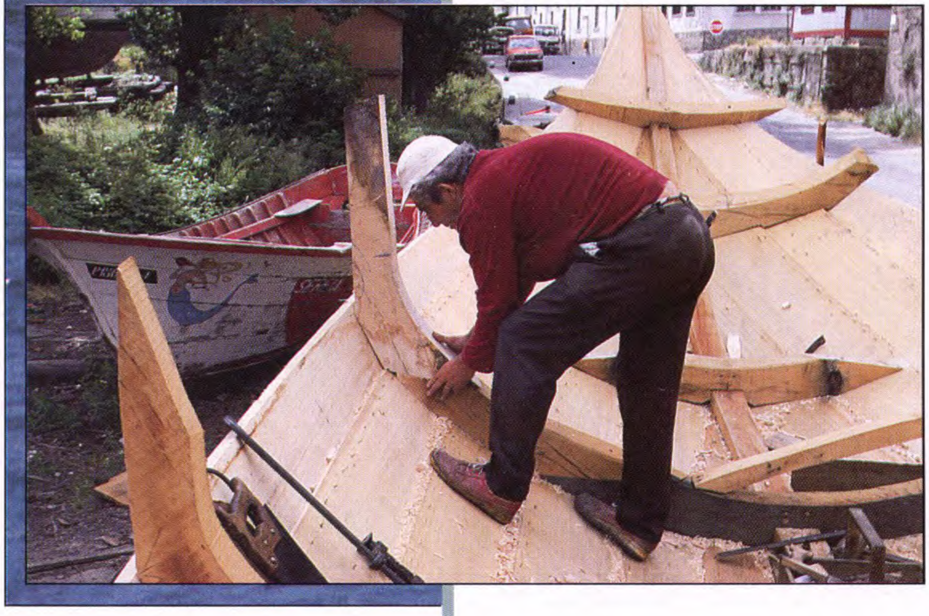
Traditional Portuguese craft, rebelos carried port down the Douro to the sea. Now they sail again in an annual race in the fierce, perilous currents of the estuary

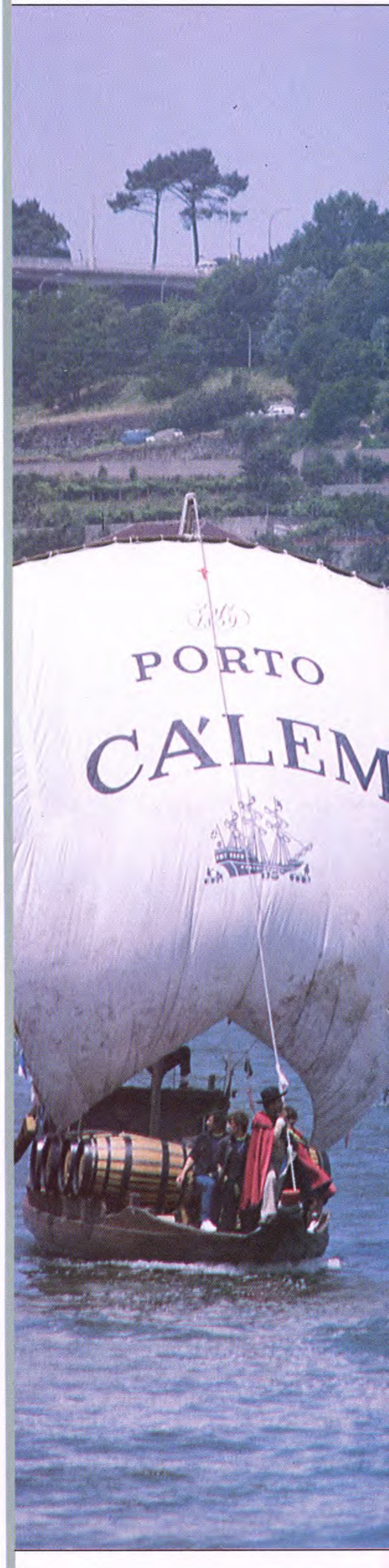
PASSING THE PORT

Photographed
by
Andrew Morland



By tradition the port was laid in 'pipes' or large barrels (above) and exported by rebelos (right) which are built locally from wood (below).





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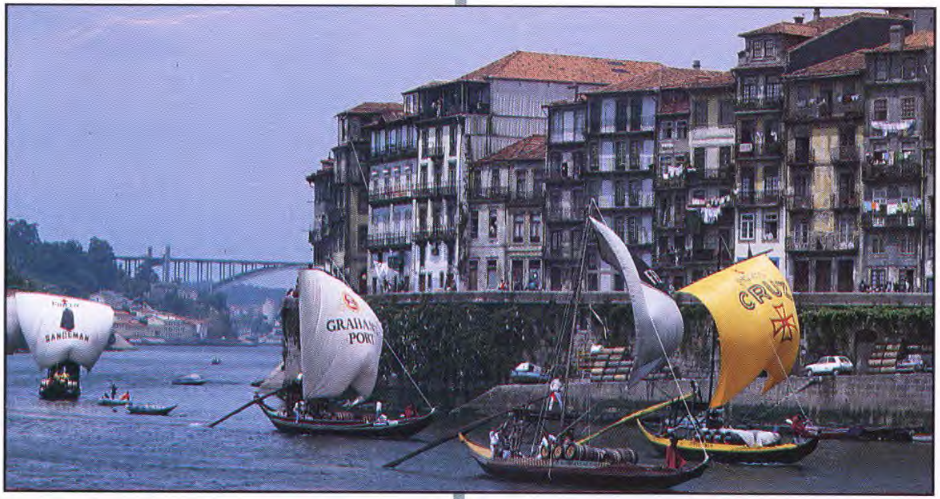
CRUZ
PORTO CRUZ

CROFT
PORTO
PORT
ESTABLISHED 1678



ROYAL OPORTO
SANDEMAN
COCKBURN'S PORT
GRAHAM'S PORT

Locally built, rebelos cost £7,000. Designed to skim over the sand flats of the upper river, they can be dangerous in the fierce currents of the estuary where the race takes place.

CRUZ
DOW'S PORT

GRAHAM'S PORT

For centuries there have been strong commercial links between England and Portugal particularly in the port wine trade, where generations of British names are intertwined in the city of Oporto and the grape growing slopes of the mountain sides in the Douro valley. Croft, Graham, Cockburn — are all names synonymous with fine port. Their lodges proudly display the names on the terracotta roofs in Vila Nova de Gaia — the shipping port on the River Douro.

Until the 1960's, the port was laid in 'pipes' (large barrels holding 550 litres) at the quinta (estates) in the high sierra, and transported to the lodges at Vila Nova de Gaia for export by ship. This was the heyday of the Rebelo — a flat-bottomed barque weighing about three tons, fitted with a large square rigged sail.

With the advent of large motor vehicles, the rebelo had all but died out. The length of the Douro was dammed, forming five large lakes. The rebelo became obsolete as a working vessel, until five years ago. Now once a year the steep banks of the Douro, where it gently enters the facing towns of Oporto and Vila Nova de Gaia become a blaze of colour and a cacophony of sound. The rebelos of the port houses vie with each other in a race which had become an annual event. The atmosphere is akin to the stretch of the river Thames between Putney and Mortlake during the Boat Race as the crews heave, strain and curse to out-manoeuvre their rivals.

'It began as a challenge,' explained Robin Reid, managing director of Croft & Co. 'All the rebelos, which date back to the Vikings, had decayed, and we were in danger of losing part of the heritage. So I threw down the gauntlet to the Confrerie do Vinho do Porto, and we now have nine rebelos with a tenth being built.' The newly built ones are constructed locally from wood, and cost about £7000 each fully equipped.

Now each year during the Festival of St John, the rebelos line up to compete with each other as part of the official city celebrations.

The colourful sails billowed in the gusting Atlantic breeze as the crews jockeyed for position at the starting point for this year's race — the sand bar at the mouth of the Douro. 'The idea is for the rebelos to sail upstream, and the first boat to reach the Ponte d'Luiz will be judged the winner,' explained Robin Reid. As instigator of the race, Reid acts as race official and chief marshal. The Ponte d'Luiz is a towering twin-layered iron bridge connecting the centre of Oporto to the south bank.

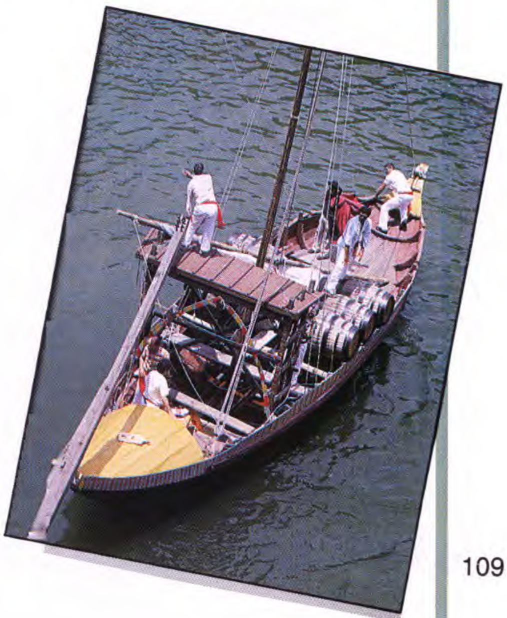
It was a tense moment. Last year in high winds several of the unstable craft capsized with the crews luckily escaping. Some rebelos had been swept onto the rocky shores.

At the signal from the judge's launch all thoughts of friendly banter disappeared. This could have been the Admiral's Cup. Five boats jostled bow by bow as the river narrowed for the first obstacle of the Ponte da Arribada.

The rebelo is unique because of its long rudder, controlled by a brave helmsman on an elevated platform. It is designed to swerve and skim over the sand flats and boulders of the upper river. But in the fierce currents and swirling eddies of the estuary it can become a beast with its own mind. The helmsman of the Croft rebelo had a narrow escape when he was left hanging by his fingertips from the rudder beam. The force had swept him over the edge of the platform, and he was almost thrown into the water between two barques.

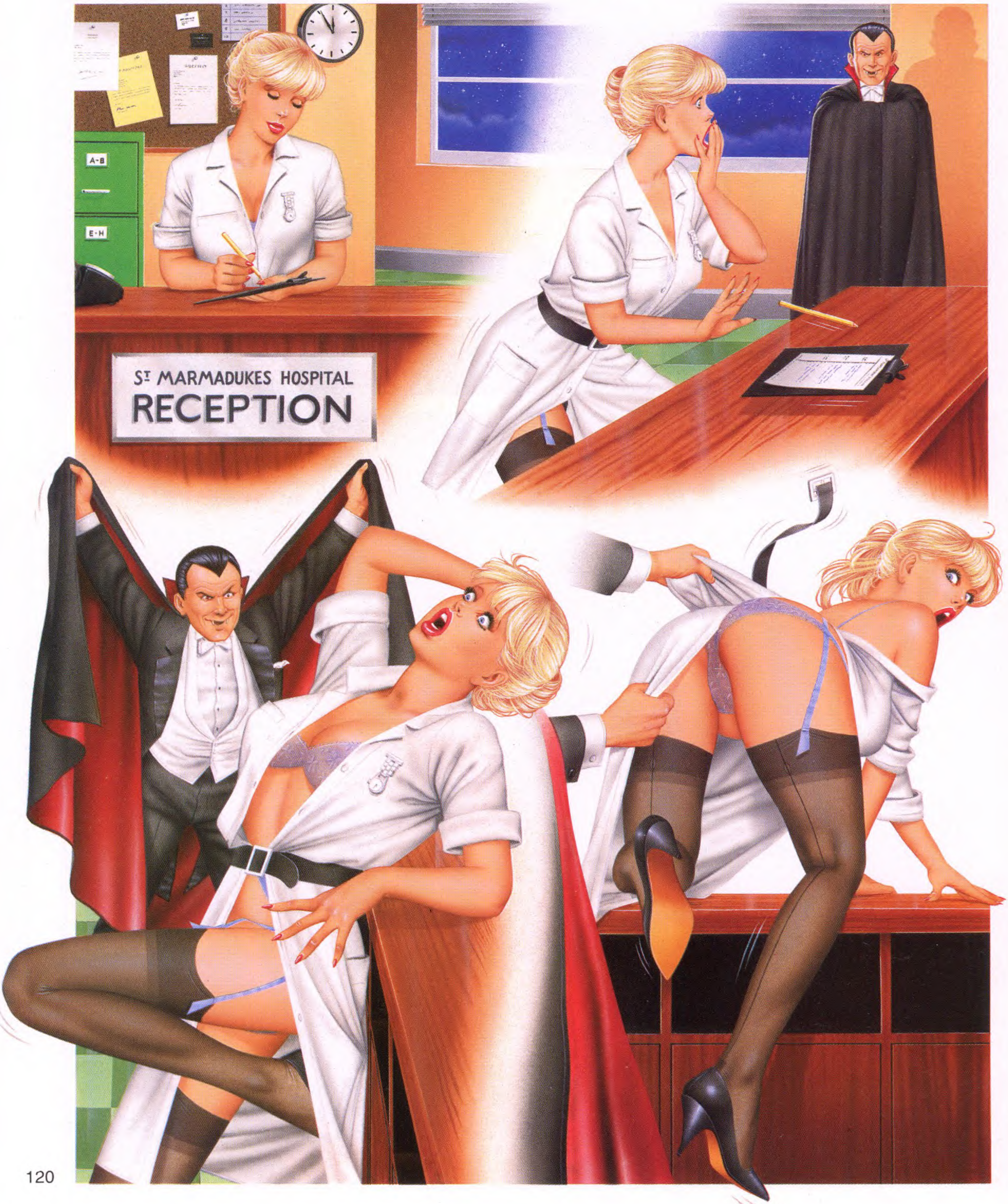
Halfway up the four mile course, the bright yellow sail of the Porto Cruz barque and Dow's sleek, varnished craft had commandeered the southern station. They were showing their sterns to the competition, with the following five still abreast on the opposite bank. The crowds of excited spectators cheered from both shores as the drums of the marching bands accompanied the flotilla's progress.

The siren blew to signify that Dow's crew had crossed the line first. The sails were quickly lowered, and the rebelos returned to their moorings outside the lodges where they are kept as tourist attractions. The competitive spirit subsided, and the mood of the fiesta returned



CARRIE

The vampire strikes back at our stripgirl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